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Vol. CXXII. No. 1600 SEPT. 20, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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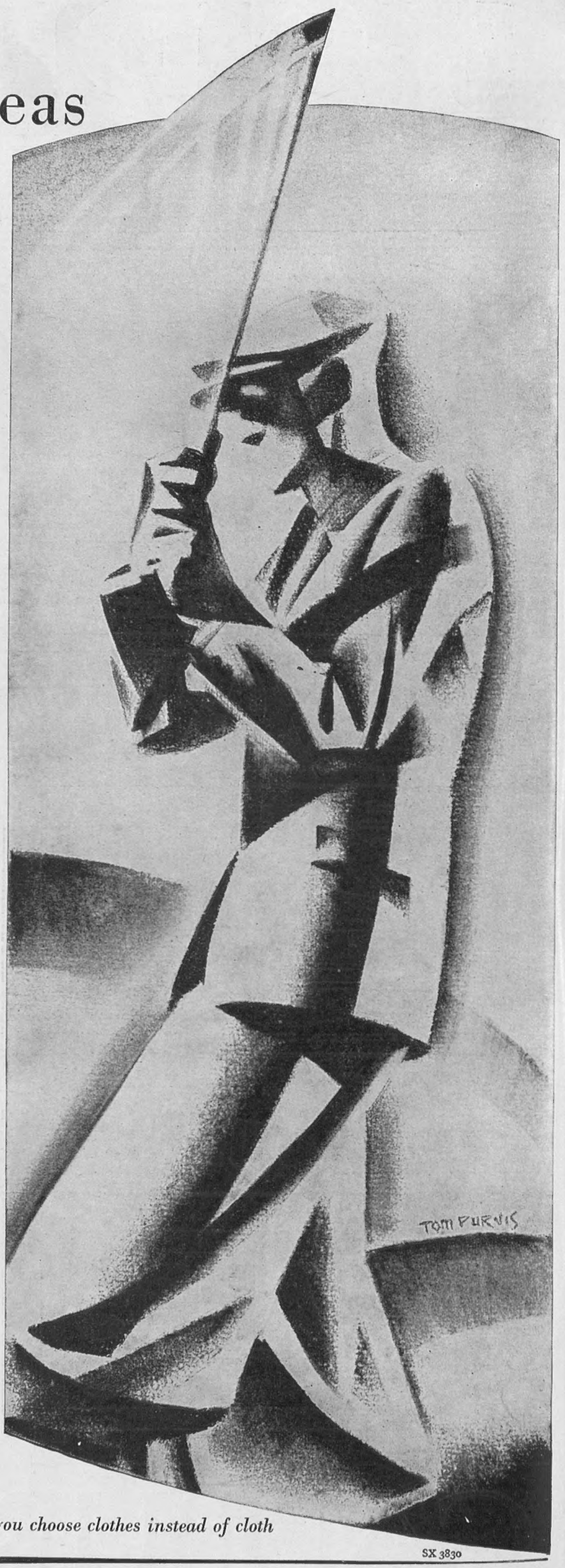


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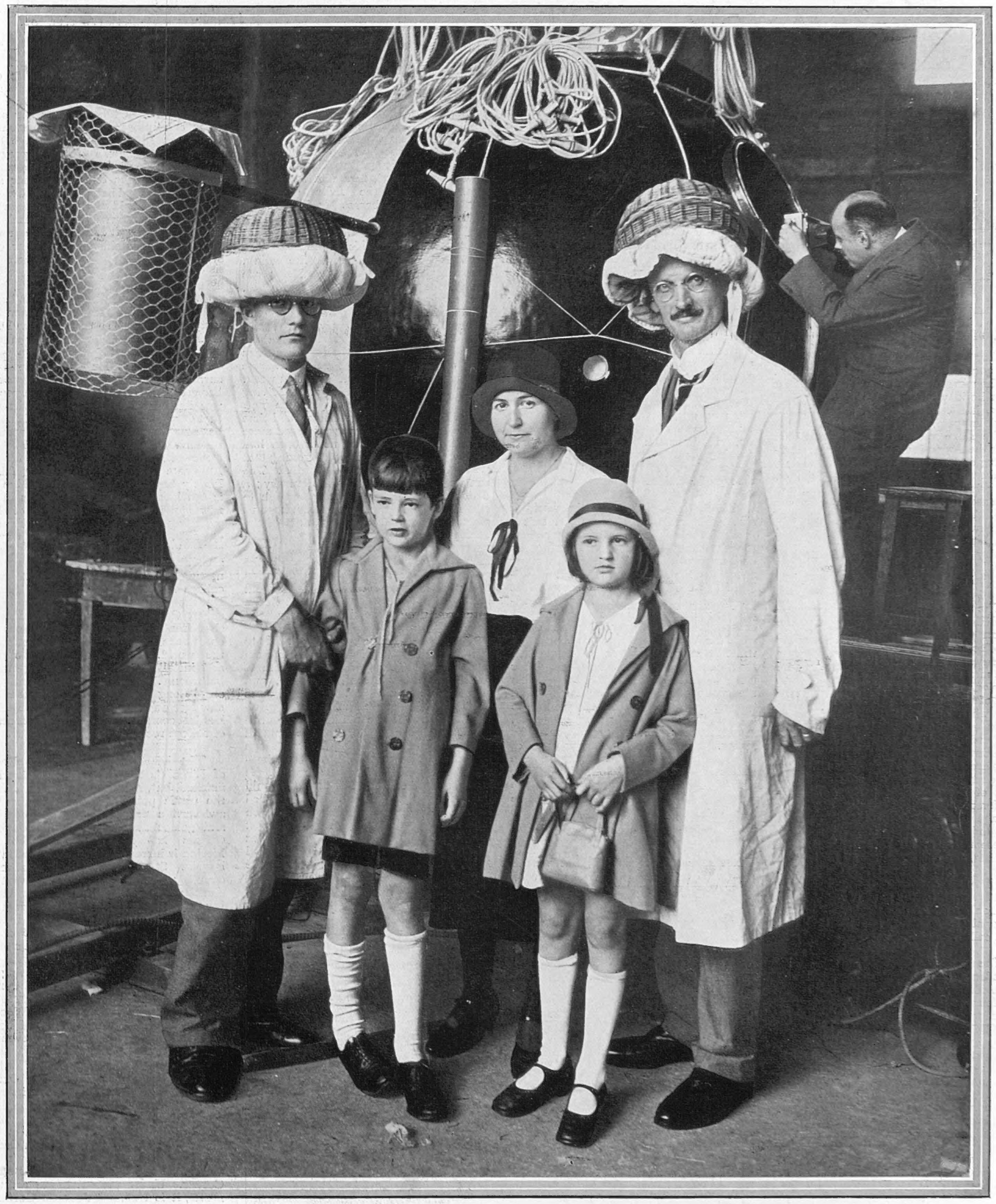


## HATS FOR THE HIGH HEAVENS:

### Dr. Piccard and M. Kipfer in the Correct Headgear for Ten Miles above the Earth

Dr. Piccard's much advertised attempt at Augsburg to break with a metal balloon, to which was attached an aluminium gondola, the altitude record, and also to acquire at a height of ten miles from the earth's surface data concerning cosmic radiation, came to a premature and inglorious end when it was found that the balloon was incapable of rising from the ground. The moving genius of the enterprize and his assistant, M. Kipfer, are seen above in Vernesque head-dresses with Madame Piccard and the professor's children before the abortive start. Dr. Piccard has stated that his undertaking will only be postponed and not abandoned owing to this unforeseen hitch.

JOYOUS FINALISTS: Miss Dorit Wilkins and Miss Pauline Doran who met in the final of the Girls' Golf Championship at Stoke Poges. Miss Doran won after playing immaculate golf

# A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 17, 1930.

**A Mixed Bag.**—The end of the holiday season is in sight, and then events will once more resume their proper values. At the moment even the unsleeping Press is in holiday mood, and the front pages are a jumble of political, sporting, and social happenings, all considered worthy of the same ration of limelight. Last week the Argentine enjoyed a rather surprising *coup d'état*, and England made a gallant bid for polo and yachting honours. The price of rubber fell below 4d., and bitterness between Italy and Serbia rose high. The succession to the throne of Belgium was secured to the third generation, Jack Diamond returned to his own country where he is appreciated, the poor old Channel was conquered again by a girl, and the Leger was run and won.

**The Indian Conference.**—The greatest difficulty in the composition of the Indian Conference must clearly lie in the selection of the home delegates. The Government's task here is to find responsible men with an intimate knowledge of India and her problems, yet free from any taint of suspicion of prejudged opinion. And when one considers the different shades of opinion from whom suspicion is to be anticipated, the gravity of the task is apparent. The names of the Indian delegates are likely to be quite well received. Nor does the absence of any representatives of the Congress party doom the Conference. Gandhi's folly can only damage the prestige of his own party. The Indian delegation is none the less representative of all responsible Indian interests, and can speak for all India with knowledge and authority. Gandhi has lost his first chance of achieving constructive work for the good of India. He has banked on further weakening by the Imperial Government, and his bluff has been called.

**The Last Words in Lunacy.**—The impudence of Gandhi's terms, and the extraordinary restraint which Lord Irwin continues to practise in the face of it, has given many people their first realization of what becomes common knowledge to all who spend their lives among native races. Descend but one step from the throne—the symbol of British Raj—and never will you be suffered to mount that step again. The moment you exchange a just dictation for negotiation on an equality, you are for ever estopped from dictation. From that day forward you are committed to compromise, the only known solution of every divergence of view between civilized races and bodies. India, with its 2 per cent. of semi-literate population, its hundreds of languages and creeds, its 47,000,000 of Bengalese at the mercy of any handful of marauders, demands in the voice of Mr. Gandhi, not Dominion Status now, but the right of secession from the Empire. He asks what South Africa does not hope to secure. To this madness of vanity, this purblind lunacy, there is unfortunately a parallel in our own country. Gandhi's pronouncements are rivalled by the resolutions passed the other day at the T.U.C. The All-India Congress and the T.U.C. are engaged in sawing-off the branches they sit on and the Government of the country is half blinded by the sawdust.

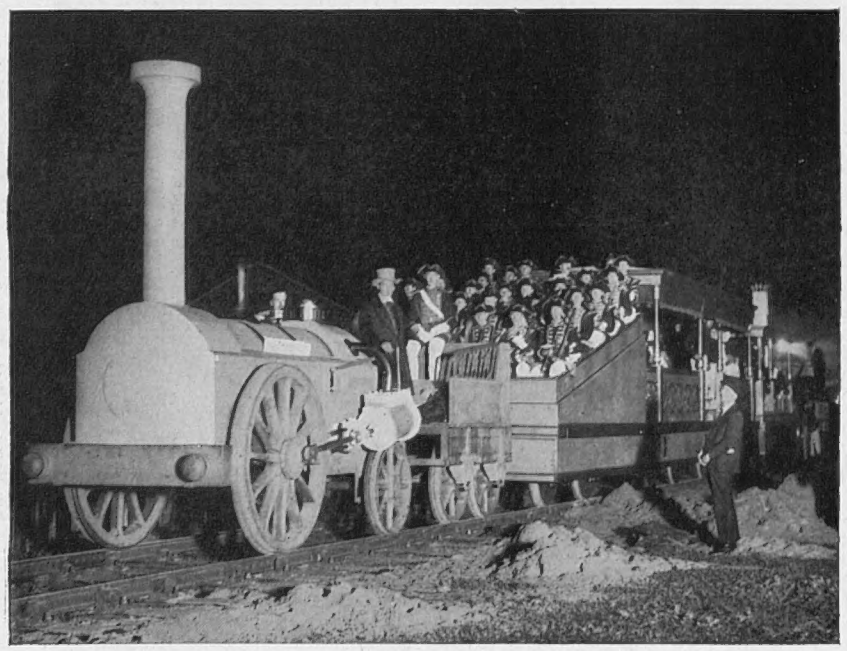
**Back to Victorianism.**—The British Association Conference provided Bristol and England generally with some favourite autumn topics. The modern youth and girl were dissected and found to be suffering from not entirely unknown diseases. It was thought necessary to warn parents that their daughters will almost certainly develop a tendency to suicide. This is something new. The girls of my youth developed a tendency to suicide in the other sex, but that feat is quite beyond the present generation. The man who to-day takes his life because of a woman does so not much from love as from disillusion. Other professors shattered any remaining belief we may have in the wisdom of sending our daughters to boarding schools; condemned co-education in unqualified terms, and threw a haunting doubt on the modern belief in a frank exposition of the facts of life and of biology generally to immature minds. It was left to Lord Eustace Percy to suggest that a public school education was, as often as not, a sheer waste of money, of time, and of opportunity. To sum up, these startling iconoclasms are nothing but a humiliating return to Victorianism, very flattering to my pet theory of reaction.

**Hold, Enough!**—That the world is ripe for a reaction of the right sort I firmly believe and there are other signs (besides the views expressed during the deliberations of the B.A.) that in many spheres of life a reaction that is a consolidation of the positions won is now to set in. Rationalization means indeed consolidation; national finance cries out for consolidation, for every human being since the War has opened his mouth too wide. Some have bitten off more than they can chew, others have asked for more than they can hope to get. In the group of yawning mouths you find the workers, the workless, the youth, the maiden, the Socialist idealist, the scientist, the inventor, the Press, the idle rich, the writer. I believe that youth is tired of its freedom from all conventions, the public is tired of undisciplined writings, the sane Socialist is beginning to see the absurdity of bleeding the country white to delay the moment when the simple truth must be faced by every class. I dare say we are not going back to Methuselah, possibly we shall not go back to Victorianism in social life, but we are going to put the brake on again, for we sense at last the precipice ahead.

**Labour's Stumbling Block.**—The Labour Government has, in truth, a number of obtrusive stumbling blocks of which the most persistent has been Russia. Russia brought the first Labour Government to an undignified end, and with all its rivals I back Russia to do the trick again. The Lena Goldfields award and the consequences of a refusal by the Soviet Government to honour it has at first sight a very oblique influence on the health of Mr. MacDonald's Government, but nevertheless there must be thousands of British voters who will feel that complacent tolerance by the Government, if Moscow refuses to pay up, is only another proof of the party's thraldom to Bolshevism. Certainly the Lena Goldfields affair is likely to harass Mr. MacDonald quite a lot.

**A Notable Week's Shooting.**—The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The counties of Moray and Nairn are famous for their record of good weather, and never in my memory have failed to produce a long spell of glorious and continuous sunshine in early September. The best proof, moreover, that these counties have provided their lucky patrons with a grouse season above the average is found in my experiences of last week. In four consecutive days grouse-driving in these parts, we covered some new ground and shot more ground second time over. In those four days we bagged more than 2,100 grouse, and never once had even a distant prospect of regretting that we had left our waterproofs behind. The sun shone down from an Italian sky; a delicious breeze, just strong enough to stimulate the flight of the birds, kept us alert and cool. The blue waters of the Moray Firth sparkled in the middle distance, the Black Isle, with its golden cornfields, lay basking like a bather on the sands; and far away in every direction the high hills of Ross and Sutherland and of the Grampians stood out like a cardboard drop-scene,

**A Home Industry.**—We sold to America in 1929 (my information is from an American source) £6,000,000 worth of heirlooms, the pictures, furniture, and silver which beautified the stately homes of England in the glorious age of a privileged class. Of the pictures and furniture I should estimate that the bulk of what we have sold was raped from Europe by rich English nobles in the hard times which followed the Napoleonic wars. It is, therefore, a tit for tat, and we should take it philosophically. We spoiled Europe and America spoils us. We each took the opportunity which Fate brought us. With this difference—that whereas *we* paid starvation prices to France and Italy, America has paid *us* through the nose. We have much to be thankful for, and the country is still richer in treasures than any other in the world. If every private heirloom in England went the same way, we should still be thrice blest in the possession of the treasures of the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the Victoria and Albert alone.



THE RAILWAY CENTENARY: To mark the 100th anniversary of the inauguration of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830, a pageant of transport is being held. The first train on this line—Stephenson's locomotive drawing the Duke of Wellington's special carriage—is seen above

**Oxford in the Long Vac.**—Wise men visit Oxford in the Long Vac. She wears then an air of philosophic calm like a woman who has won through youth's fevers and found her soul. Only now men may search hopefully for her secret none can utter nor one in a thousand discover. But a walk down the High will reveal Oxford's material progress. She has well and shrewdly laid a million bricks and stones one on another since last I interviewed her. Some of Oxford's failure in the field of sport has been due to the little-known fact that Cambridge has nearly a thousand more undergraduates in residence than her elder sister. So Oxford has been increasing her capacity. The Magdalen extension is a model of what such work should be in a city which jealously guards its beauty and traditions. There are no fewer than forty new sets of rooms completed harmoniously.

**Queen's.**—As for Queen's, she has surpassed herself, and all concerned in her growth deserve the highest praise. I was immensely struck with the virtue of that Clipsham stone, which will, I believe, be also employed for any necessary refacing work at Westminster. The new stonework at Queen's superbly fits the Italianate style of the older fabric. Lovely beyond belief beneath a blue sky is the harmony of the blue tints in the new stone, veins and patches of blue emerging as from a cloudy grey sky. Queen's, too, is showing the way in rationalization without vulgarity. She is absorbing the adjoining shops and connecting the upper stories to the main college buildings by means of a bridge. But the fine old shops are not going to suffer. On the contrary, the old-fashioned shop-fronts with their diamond panes will come once more to the loveliest street in the world. All Souls' has done good and installed a number of long-needed bathrooms. Hertford is stretching out on to Long Wall, and has put out a fine new face on to that thoroughfare. B.N.C. has just completed an admirable extension of college rooms on to the High.

**The Fire at Trinity.**—The Rector of Lincoln's new house in the Turl is finished, but, it must be admitted, from the traffic point of view it is about as awkward a proposition in its comings and goings as could well be devised. Corpus has finished her additions. Merton is increasing her accommodation largely. St. Peter's Hall is practically doubling her capacity. I found that the damage done to Trinity's "new building" by the late fire was not exaggerated. Luckily the fire broke out after term, and the prudent lodger who occupied one of the rooms affected, having laid in a stock of beer bottles to cover his sojourn, was timeously warned by the popping of corks and escaped. Otherwise he must have been trapped by the iron bars. No window should have iron bars. Wooden bars, protected by the sanction of heavy fines, are quite adequate for the prevention of undergraduate peccadilloes.

**Carfax Chaos.**—Industrial Oxford has temporarily declined from its apex of prosperity. There has of late been observed in the city a unique phenomenon, employées of a world-famous firm on the dole. But business prospects in Oxford are not unhopeful. Child's bank has secured a noble site at Carfax at Boffin's Corner. Under present traffic arrangements, it is true, any door on Carfax is about as easy to reach as Juan Fernandez; but that has not prevented hundreds of business firms from applying for rooms in the proposed new bank buildings; for doubtless one day the authorities will think of a plan for alleviating the traffic chaos of the city, which is at present a national scandal.

THE OLD STAGER.

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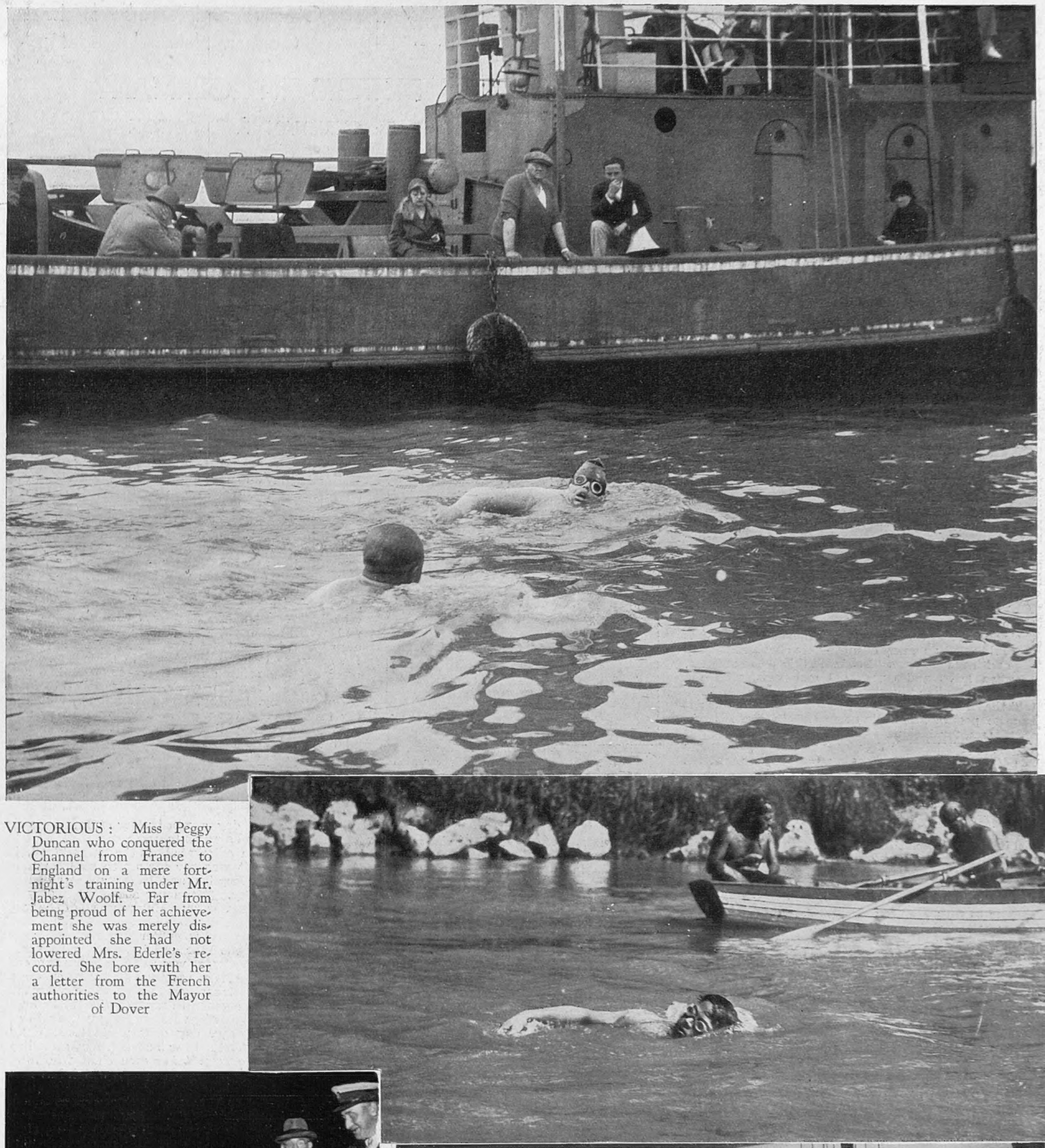
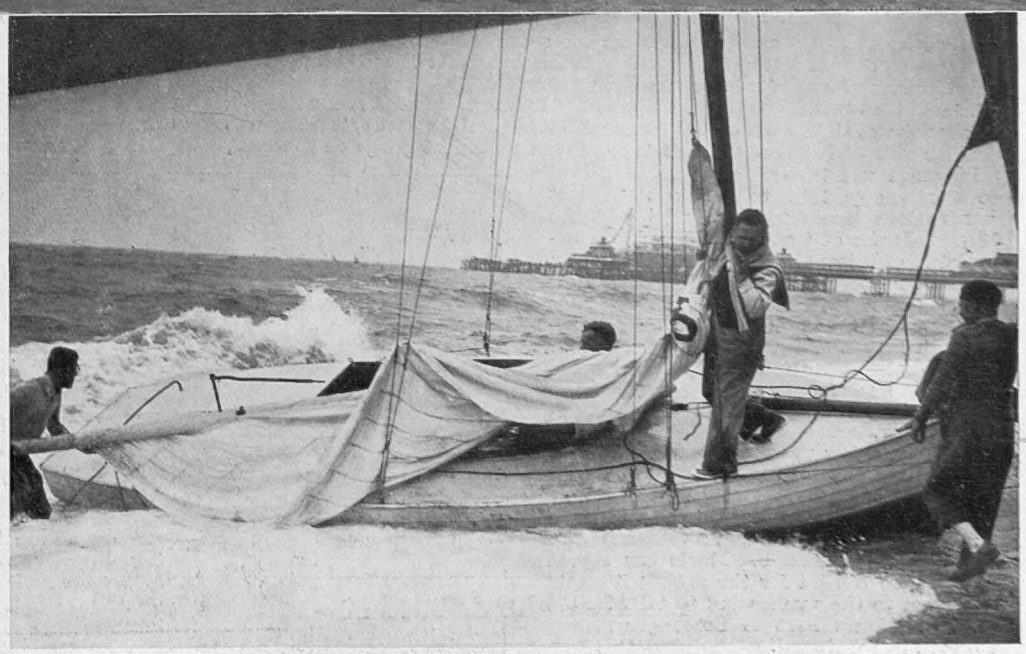


VICTORIOUS: Miss Peggy Duncan who conquered the Channel from France to England on a mere fortnight's training under Mr. Jabez Woolf. Far from being proud of her achievement she was merely disappointed she had not lowered Mrs. Ederle's record. She bore with her a letter from the French authorities to the Mayor of Dover

PROTECTION AGAINST COLD: Mrs. Zitenfeld greases the two unsuccessful aspirants to Channel honours, the Zitenfeld twins, who were forced to give up after twelve hours five miles from land



A CASUALTY AT BRIGHTON REGATTA: This famous aquatic gala was held at last after three postponements owing to inclement conditions, but the weather was still so rough that *Vixen* capsized at the start of a race and had to be hauled in. *Inset above* is Signor Lucio Vitessi, who swam 70 km. in 61 hours in Italian waters a few days ago

# GERMANY of TO-DAY:

## Obverse and Reverse of the German National Medal

## BERLIN, A CITY OF MUSIC

By RICHARD BAINES

BERLIN.

One hears music everywhere; there are dozens of ballrooms and restaurants in every quarter of the town where orchestras play until the early hours of the morning; there are hundreds of small "kinos" and theatres or music-halls of all kinds, of skating rinks, and of similar establishments, always crowded, always boasting a new problem and some new and expensive attraction.

Berlin has become a city of never-stopping life. You can rest in Paris after midnight, but you cannot rest in Berlin. At three o'clock in the morning you still find in Friedrichstrasse, in Jagerstrasse, in Blumenstrasse and, further out, in the Kurfurstendamm, almost the same animation as in daytime. The motor-buses (they run almost all night) are full; they take back to their various suburbs the belated "noctambules" of the night establishments. Three o'clock in the morning is the official "closing-time." Two "Shupos" (policemen) politely call at the door at this time if the doors have not been closed before. They enter the room where the dances are still being carried out. They stop for a few seconds and they retire. It is the signal. Everybody obeys as though by a pre-arranged agreement. Then the crowds disperse on to the pavements. It is the busiest time for that international feminine corporation in quest of luck . . . or of an illusion of luck. Women who have tried to give other people happiness without ever having a moment of happiness for themselves. Women whose faces look so incredibly alike, whether you meet them on the pavements of Berlin or of Paris, of Vienna, or of London.

An up-to-date "Census" of Berlin cabarets has never been taken; they come and go so quickly, these glittering abodes of night pleasure; they vary their names and their proprietorships so rapidly that it would want an army of up-to-date checkers to keep pace with the changes. I counted thirty-five of them, between large and small, old and new, within a quarter of a mile radius from Unter den Linden. I am told that I must have missed another few dozens; it is quite possible, as while some streets (like Kurfurstendamm, for instance) shine at night with a bright sequence of glittering doorways and signs, there are hundreds of less prominent places where outside lights are almost barred, and where only the expert hand of a friend can guide you with safety.

The Germans love the "Girls." "Girls" means *of course* English ballet-girls. They *must* all be English; no French, or Austrian, or other girl in the world can dance as well and be as popular. **Here**, where there are "Girls" there is a crowd, therefore no enterprizing manager can be without a set of dancing beauties "*aus* London." The trouble is that demand is so great (and I believe pay is so scarce) that it would require more than all the Tillers and other famous schools of London and Manchester to fill up all Berlin cabarets. That is perhaps the reason why only a few of these girls are really English. Some can speak a little English, and most of them none at all. If you approach them in English they smile back at you with a most captivating smile, and they leave you to carry on the conversation with their "Captain," who invariably speaks a good English with some American accent. I remember having met in Australia a famous "Hungarian" band whose conductor was a Belgian and the players English boys. They all dressed up like Hungarian peasants, but the only real Hungarian amongst them was a fifteen years old lad—who could not play. The "Hungarian" band met with a colossal success in every town they went. They would not even have had a hearing had they disclosed the fact that they were English. The same happens here with these "Girls." If the public knew that they had been recruited amongst the dancing schools of Vienna, Warsaw, and even Berlin, they would soon lose their jobs. Therefore they all profess to be "*aus* London," and they play up to their "reputation."

Besides they are 50 per cent. cheaper!

There is, however, another more serious aspect of German post-War life which cannot fail to impress the visitor to Berlin; it is the enormous development of popular taste for operatic music. I believe it was Plato who said that "Music is the most important part in education, for nothing reaches the soul in such a direct way as sound and harmony," and it was Schiller who added that "Music is the international language of the soul, a language which destroys everything that does not appertain to the soul." Yet few nations like Germany had before the War made use of their music not as an expression of international emotion, but as a medium for the expression of philosophical theories reflecting the peculiar tendencies of their race. From Bach to Wagner—through Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber and Liszt—German philosophy, German national legends, German history have formed alone the basis of musical evolution in Germany.

To-day, a few years only after the War, things have changed. One notices all over Germany, and above all in Berlin, a new evolution of German musical taste towards a much wider field, towards a genuine desire for internationalisation. Music has ceased to be here a food for the snobs; it wants to appeal to the masses and to cater for the masses. Music here is no longer merely German but universal.

This post-War Berlin has gradually turned itself into a Mecca for the *intelligentsia* of the musical world, and is to-day a serious competitor to London, Paris, and even Milan.

THE RED FLAG OF BERLIN: The offices of the Communist newspaper which has inspired (directly or indirectly, voluntarily or involuntarily) much of the rioting in Sunday's elections

## DISTRESS IN GERMANY

By CHRISTIAN P. DARNTON

BERLIN,

There are now 3,800,000 unemployed in Germany.

It must be almost impossible for anyone not directly in intimate touch with Germany to have the remotest idea of the terrible distress which is felt in most parts of the Reich. Indeed, matters are rapidly reaching a considerably worse state than at the days of the inflation, which were bad enough in all conscience.

Germany it was who raised the pioneer cry of Rationalization, and the courage of enterprise is, as not unusually happens, recoiling on the head of the unfortunate propagators. Another version of the situation in England immediately prior to the cotton riots of the last century is being played out here, and for much the same reasons, with some contributory causes. Rationalization of industry means economy of output, coeval with increased production. Where before two workmen were required, one suffices under the system of improved machinery, standardized products and all the rest of the claptrap which we have heard from the States. Unfortunately, though all of this may be true and real improvements be made, the first effect is to cause unemployment on a scale as was hitherto quite unknown.

Suicides occur with ever-increasing frequency. The other day a master mechanic and his wife were found hanged. Investigation showed that the man was an expert lathe-worker, aged fifty-five, who before the War had had a flourishing business. On his return from the front he opened up his works again, but in the meantime everything had changed. He was an extremely industrious man, but it cost endless labour to get things working again. When the inflation came he lost all his savings. He could obtain no more credit, and the Public Receiver warned off all his clients. He dismissed both his employees and worked himself, day and night. In spite of everything, he could not struggle against such odds. He began to look for a position in some firm. One after another refused him on account of his age which, like everyone else's, was purely nominal. He was strong, healthy, and industrious. But the big firms themselves were in a very poor way and could afford no philanthropic ventures. Through all his troubles he was never behindhand with his rent. In the end he sold his workshop and little house and tried to earn money by casual work. This too failed. He could do no more. Thus the other day "a master mechanic and his wife were found hanged."

On the same day a woodcutter from a town in Central Germany was buried. He had starved to death.

A friend of mine of long standing, an elderly lady of the finest blood, is reduced to penury. Before the War it was her custom to visit England frequently, being a great friend of the English, and having many blood as well as personal relations in this country. Whenever she came to stay in England it was "Mrs. So-and-so is coming. Everything must be of the very best." Special food and the finest of everything was always procured whenever she honoured a certain house in England with her presence. She has two grown-up sons. One lost a leg in the War and is mentally impaired through shell-shock. The other must always wear dark glasses and can never read. He was gassed so badly that he can take no strenuous exercise. He is married and has two children. Their mother, this great lady, lives in an eight-roomed house in a suburb with a general servant. She never buys any clothes, and has latterly become so shabby that she seldom cares to go out. She is now bankrupt, and the other day only wrote to England imploring help. Her daughter having divorced her husband, has, according to an odd point in the German law, to support her own child who is at school. She had a nominal position in an antique business which has now had to close down.

In a measure it may be attributed to the Socialist Government which, though well-meaning, and having undoubtedly done much for the country where other Governments have failed, have yet been too lavish in their expenditure upon public welfare. Many excellent innovations which have been introduced since the War in the way of cultural and educational advancement of the people, have proved too heavy a drain upon the Exchequer. As a result all building operations have come to a standstill, and that fine thoroughfare, the Kurfurstendamm in Berlin, which was being shorn of its nineteenth-century Baroque extravagances, remains a piebald mixture of the old and the new.

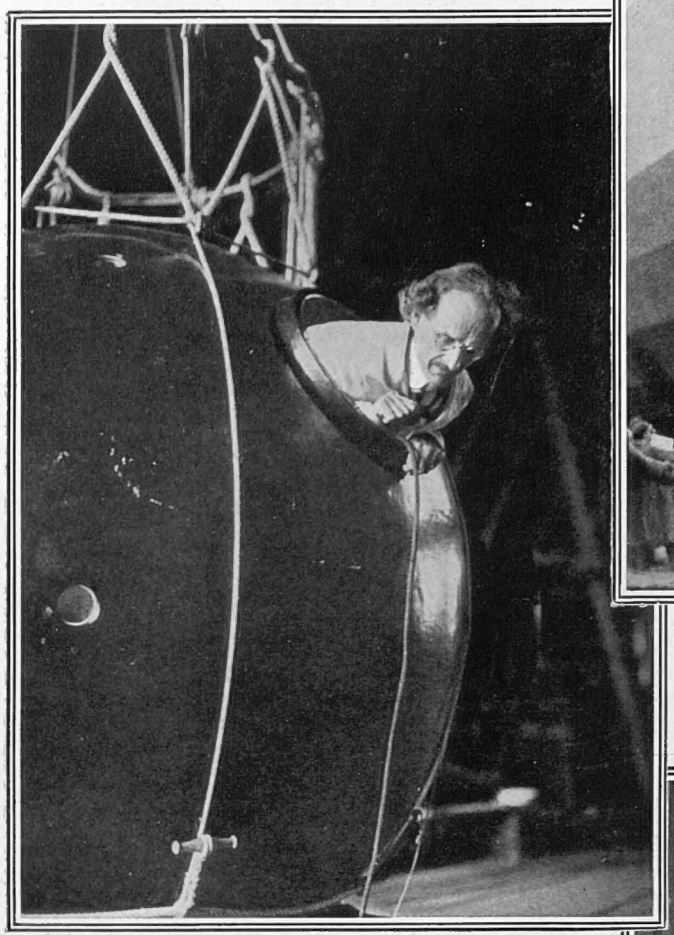
In addition, shops are suffering extremely. A short time ago, the largest draper's and outfitter's store went into liquidation and have now sold their new premises which were completed only the year before last.

The vitality and strength of the very best and finest of Germany's manhood is being sapped under the terrific burden of taxation. For ever since the Versailles Treaty, money has been taken from the Germans just a little quicker than they earned it. Borrowing of many millions from the countries in whose debt she stands cannot allay the evil, but in the end aggravates it. And the Germans have worked. They have worked rather harder than the proverbial nigger. The smooth efficiency with which all municipal work is carried out, the speed of road repairs, which invariably continue day and night until finished, the enterprise of the transport systems, the ingenuity of the artists employed in municipal and other public buildings, the vast organization of the Luft Hansa, which controls the Continental airways, make, or should make, the other nations of the world consider post-War Germany as a model.

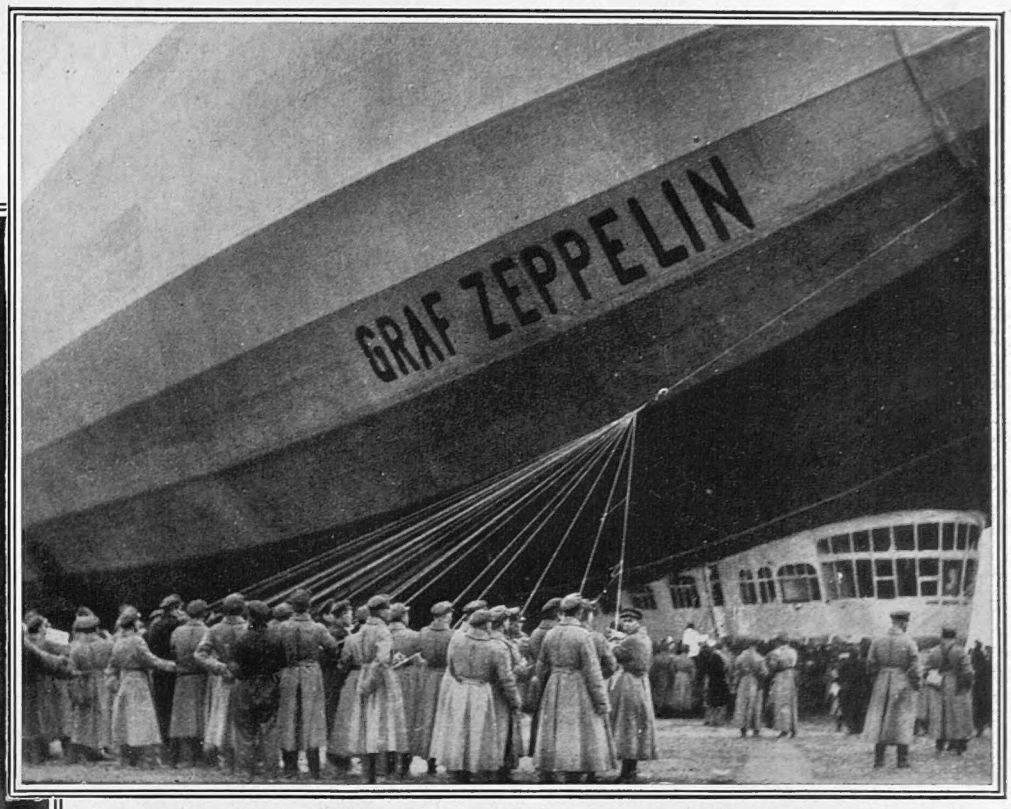
THE SEARCH FOR ARMS: Police search ultra-nationalists (royalists) for arms during Sunday's Reichstag elections

# EUROPEAN EVENTS

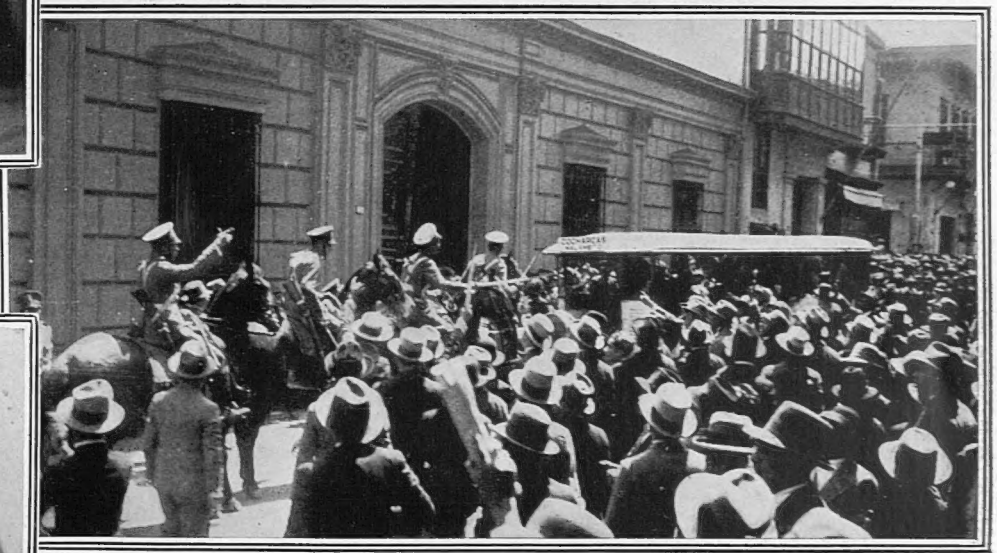
*And One in Latin America*



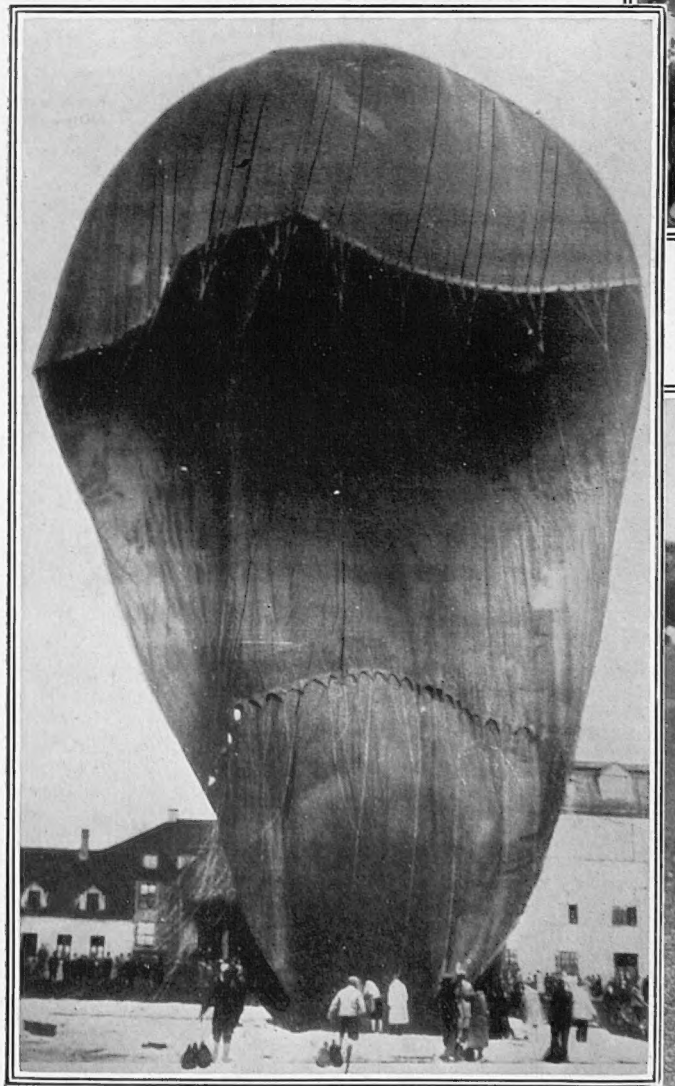
THE FRUSTRATED ASCENT: Dr. Piccard's much-heralded balloon trip into the upper air, ten miles above the earth, at Augsburg, came to nothing, as the special balloon was too heavy to rise. Dr. Piccard is seen realizing the tragedy




AN AERIAL AMBASSADOR TO SOVIET MUSCOVY: The *Graf Zeppelin* in Moscow, whither it went on a mission of promoting good-will in aviation between Russia and Germany. Dr. Eckener hopes to inaugurate a close aerial intercourse between his country and that now known as Unholy Russia. Soldiers of the Red Army are seen towing the ship across the landing field



A MECHANICAL BATTERING RAM: South America has been living up to its traditional reputation of late as the continent of revolutions. In Lima the Peruvian rebels under Colonel Cerro, the new dictator, smashed with a motor-bus the gates of the presidential palace of Senhor Leguia



A SCIENTIFIC FAILURE: Augsburg was the scene of a great disappointment last week, when the balloon in which Dr. Piccard of Brussels hoped to ascend ten miles refused to rise even ten inches. The metal envelope and the aluminium gondola proved too heavy a load for the elevating properties of the gas. The ascent will be attempted at a later date

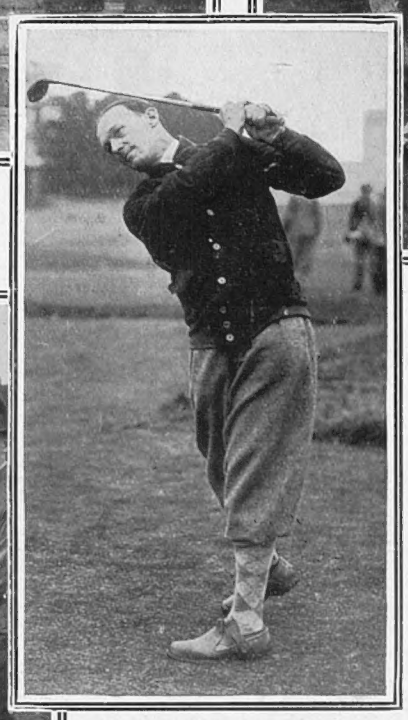
ATLANTAS OF THREE LANDS: Miss Lunn (England) who won the 800 metres in 2.21.9; Fräulein Dollinger (Germany) second, and Froeken Loyen (Sweden) third in the Ladies' Olympiad, Prague. England ranked third and Poland second in the meeting, which Germany won. The English team, however, avenged in Berlin the defeat sustained in Prague

# "The SPHERE'S" *fifth* GOLF MEETING

## *The Royal and Ancient at Stoke Poges*
## *International Polo at Meadow Brook, U.S.A.*

THE PRESENTATION: Mr. J. Bewsher presents "The Sphere" Challenge Trophy to Mr. W. F. Kaye. *Behind from left to right* are Major P. C. Burton, Mr. P. H. Thomson, Major J. T. Avison, Mr. W. D. H. McCullough, Mr. A. J. Oakes, Mr. G. F. Tidbury, Mr. A. J. Lewis, Mr. E. W. Barney, Mr. J. A. Dewar, Mr. A. Peake-Jones, Mr. Mark Wade, Mr. W. Lording, and Captain B. L. Simpson

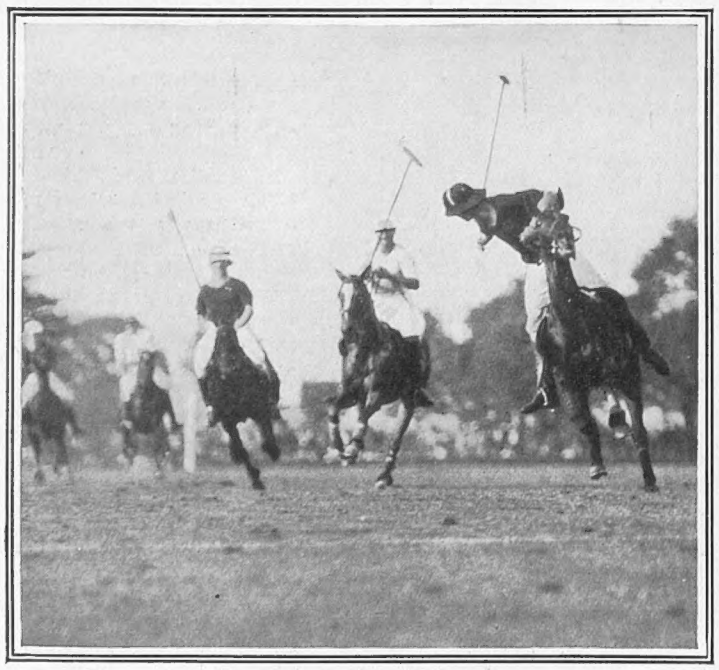
"UNDER THE OLD UMBRELLA": Mr. G. E. Chittenden, winner of the sealed nine-hole competition and Mr. Austin Reed



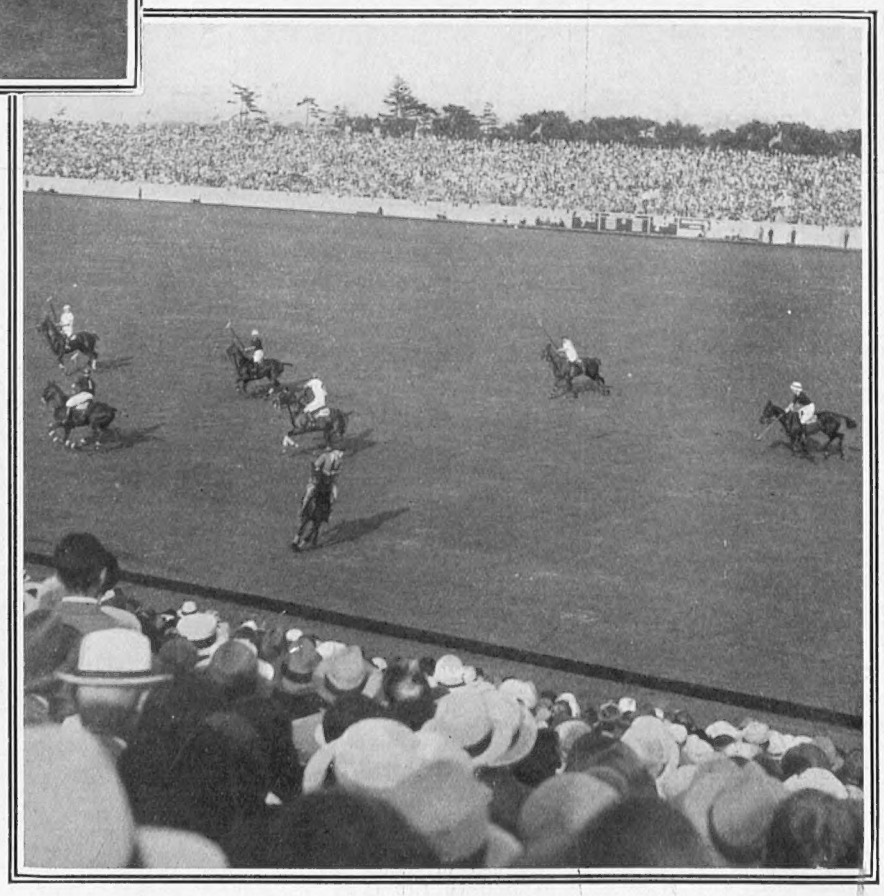
THE VICTOR: Mr. W. F. Kaye, winner of "The Sphere" Challenge Trophy with a score of 85 less 11, 74. Mr. Kaye is seen above driving off at Stoke Poges where "The Sphere's" Fifth Golf Meeting was held despite indifferent weather

Despite weather far from ideal, both competitions scheduled in "The Sphere's" fifth Annual Golf Meeting were successfully completed by the large number of guests at Stoke Poges last Tuesday. The medal round in the morning was won by Mr. W. F. Kaye with a score of 85 less 11, 74. This feat was rewarded by "The Sphere" Challenge Trophy. The second best card was returned by Mr. H. M. Panton with 88 less 12, 76. A prize was offered for the best score returned for nine selected holes, their numbers being unknown to the players. This was won by Mr. G. E. Chittenden. In the afternoon a four-ball bogey foursome was played. Mr. Mark Wade and Mr. Alfred Pemberton won this competition with a somewhat remarkable return of seven up on bogey. Mr. E. W. Barney and Mr. A. J. Lewis and Mr. W. L. J. S. Reynolds and Mr. W. J. Rand tied for second place with five up. The meeting was an unqualified success and, with no intention of a pun, may be said to have gone "swimmingly"

COMPETITORS FOR THE BOGEY FOURSOMES: *From left to right*—Mr. A. J. Oakes, Mr. Arthur Burberry, Mr. A. Ralph Burberry, Mr. F. J. Flynn, Mr. W. J. Rand, Mr. W. L. J. S. Reynolds, and Mr. R. A. L. Maltby. Messrs. Reynolds and Rand tied for second place in the bogey foursomes with Messrs. Barney and Lewis



*WATCHED BY THOUSANDS: Lieutenant Guinness of the England team poised for a clout at Meadow Brook. In the first two contests, England was defeated. The second game was a record for heavy scoring*



*THE INTERNATIONAL CONTEST: A general view of the first polo match of this year's series between England and the United States, held at Meadow Brook. The score was a disappointment as England lost by 10 goals to 5 to the team captained by Mr. "Tommy" Hitchcock, an American Oxonian*

# METAMORPHOSIS in AMERICA

## The Millionaire of Nations turned Pauper

By C. CLAYTON HUTTON

BLINDING SUNLIGHT: This ecclesiastical effect recalling the *Glorias* of the silver screen is, in actual fact, a phenomenon in Grand Central Station, New York. It is an architectural common-place in that city that all the commercial buildings look more like cathedrals than the few churches

*This article is the result of a second trip undertaken by the author to study America and in particular the motion picture industry, which at that particular period was in the midst of the change over from the manufacture of silent pictures to those accompanied by sound.*

Just over two years ago I visited the United States. During that trip I visited the majority of the big cities in order to study the business conditions all over America. I also visited Los Angeles and Hollywood, where I stayed some considerable time studying the motion picture conditions.

I have just made practically the same trip again. I have seen the same people and many of the same towns, the same studios, etc. It is therefore of particular interest to me to have seen the unbelievable change that has taken place in the short space of two years. Being a member of the motion picture industry I was not only interested in this particular branch of work, but I inquired into and studied many of the basic industries. I should think it would be quite safe to say that no nation has even been through such a financial debacle both from a monetary and trade point of view in the last 100 years as the United States has just suffered. When I was there before it did not matter where you went, who you saw and spoke to, one and all were simply satiated with their own extraordinary prosperity, riches, and self-importance, and were completely blind to anything that was said and anything that was at that time being done in Europe, particularly when one conversed with them upon a possible reaction that might set in at a later date, both of trade and feeling against the United States. Nothing but laughter greeted any such suggestion that might be put up at that time that the United States were bound by the past law of averages to receive a gigantic set-back in the not distant future.

That set-back came nearly eight months ago. It came with terrific vengeance, and it has left such a mark on America that it will take all of the United States a very long time to recover, as the higher you go the bigger the fall.

Two-and-a-half years ago, all big hotels were packed with visitors from the provinces, railways were jammed with passengers, restaurants always full, and theatres in particular were in the majority of instances always crammed. Large, expensive motor-cars were the rule. Many people thought it their business to own two cars, a large one and a small one.

The position to-day is completely reversed. Hotels are only 50 per cent. full, the same with the railway travelling. People are not going for holidays like they did. The expensive type of restaurant is doing nothing like the business, and it is the cheaper ones that have gained. Legitimate theatres are doing nothing like the business they were. Before, people were going to all types of plays, good and indifferent. To-day the really outstanding plays of merit are being patronized, but that is all.

Regarding the attendances at motion picture theatres. After the enormous boom that attended the advent of the talking picture, theatres are at the moment taking a perfectly natural slide back to normal. The big and outstanding type of picture is, however, still taking very big money, in fact as each big picture like *The Love Parade*, comes out it takes more money than its predecessor. The ordinary machine-made talkie though the American public will not stand for any more, but this will be dealt with by me later on.

Two-and-a-half years ago I saw the first models of the new Ford car. Everyone in America who then owned large and expensive cars laughed at what they called the attempted come-back of Henry Ford. Henry Ford has not only come back, but he came back in a night, eight months ago. His car is the sensation of the United States to-day. All big cars are being done away with by the "rich-overnight people," and they have been very glad to come down to the little two-seater Ford coupé.

Another sensation that happened while I was there on this visit was the appearance of the Baby Austin car made under licence in the United States. The body is slightly larger and a little more roomy than we have been accustomed to see in Great Britain, but the chassis is exactly the same. The price is £110. In Los Angeles the first model arrived and was shown to the public in the open-air as if it was some freak from a circus, and the agent there could not possibly cope with the business that was offered, providing their old stock of cars could be disposed of. This presented a great difficulty because the second-hand automobile dealers were carrying such enormous stocks of second-hand cars. Nevertheless, even in the face of trying conditions, this car I am sure will do enormous business because of its past success in Europe, which will be repeated in America, and also because the Americans are so susceptible to novelties, and this automobile to them is like a baby toy. They were amazed at its performance and capabilities, and it was nothing to see 5,000 or 6,000 people in a day around this car on view in Los Angeles.

One of the gravest problems at the present moment that any country in the world is having to face is the one of Prohibition, which is now such a serious matter in the United States. It is a matter which has been laughed at and scoffed at ever since it has been brought in, but it is so serious now that it is one of the chief matters occupying the attention of the United States Government. The seriousness of this matter has never been really put before the public of the other nations of the world, and it has been kept under cover in the United States in the hope that all the efforts that have been made to stamp out the growing abuse of the law would have been successful before now.

Much has been written about the City of Chicago in this direction in regard to the leading gangsters and their work. This has been treated as a joke. It should not be treated as a joke, but one of the utmost seriousness, as unless the Government are able to get this matter under complete control at the very earliest possible moment there is no question but that it will mean one of two things, the first being that Prohibition will have to go, or secondly, the country will be thrown into a state of complete turmoil and disorganization, and the question of law and civilized order will be a joke. The power of the gangsters is not at all understood and is very much derided. In Chicago they are absolutely all-powerful and do practically what they like when they make up their mind to do it.

The city is divided up into areas. The entire number of areas is controlled by Al Capone, who lives on his fortified ship off the coast of Florida. Each area or district is marshalled and controlled exactly like an army, and no member of a party controlling one of these areas is allowed by Capone to poach or steal into another group's territory. This causes much dissension amongst the various groups, because naturally the poorer quarters of a big city are nothing like as remunerative as the richer quarters. While I was there a group of nine gangsters had poached. They were warned by Capone that if they did such a thing again they would be "given a ride" or "bumped off." Their retort to this was one of bravado, the result being that one morning early a small garage proprietor on going to his work found his doors had been broken open, a few cars had been moved on one side, and the nine men stood against the wall and shot to pieces by machine-guns.

The profits from the sale of this illicit liquor are something colossal. It is said that the graft and grafted which Al Capone controls in the very highest circles would amaze everyone if it were known. The very fact of Prohibition being the law has created an enormous demand for liquor, and the age at which this demand has been created is now much lower than ever it was before Prohibition was instituted. This is one of the great failings that has been brought about. Al Capone is known as "Scarface Al." He is a jailbird and chief of the illicit liquor control. He is also chief of all vice and murder gangs. He is the "almighty." He has as his right-hand man one of the name of Jake Gusick, who is supposed to be the brain behind the plans, and Capone is supposed to be the man with the courage to carry them out. These two then have as their chief accomplice one known as Dennis Conney. His favourite method of business is blackmail, in return for which he gives you protection. He is alleged to be by far the wealthiest man to-day in the underworld, even including Capone, as he was a big blackmailer before ever entering the illicit-drink trade. Capone's two chief gentlemen in charge of the guns are Jack Heinan and Jack McGurn. The chief men employed by him for bomb-throwing are the Brothers Beleastro and the Brothers Genaro. Altogether the illicit-drink trade is a pretty sorry spectacle for a country whose great cry is "Independence." Many Americans now passing the statue of Liberty on entering New York Harbour raise their hats to the statue and say "Good-bye, Liberty."

My main object of this trip was to visit Los Angeles and Hollywood in order to look over the motion picture conditions, studios, and theatres compared with those of two-and-a-half years ago. The usual time it takes to visit Los Angeles from England is thirteen days. I made the trip in eight days, which I should think was one of the quickest journeys that has ever been made from England to Los Angeles. Flying from New York one saves an enormous amount of time. It is very trying, and in my opinion the air services in the United States are far behind our flying organization in Great Britain and on the Continent. Why this should be so I cannot quite understand, because the United States is a country that particularly lends itself to flying, but for some reason or other they do not seem to be anything like so well organized as we are, and do not seem to enthuse over flying as we do. This is answerable perhaps for the fact that they have an enormous amount of crashes, and practically every day that I was there the morning newspapers of the town in which I happened to be always seemed to have a head-line giving details of some terrible crash.

On the last day's journey you fly from Kansas City to Los Angeles right across the desert, and it is an eleven-hour journey in which you cover 1,580 miles. This is an enormous flight for one day and it is only possible by having practically no time on the ground at all, the greatest number of stops being three and the longest time eight minutes in a temperature of 110 degrees in the shade (when that exists in a desert), and it can be imagined that the trip is particularly trying.

***Mr. Clayton Hutton's observations on the transition from "Movies to Talkies" will form the subject of an article in a forthcoming issue***

*Ewing Galloway*

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT: An impression of Pittsburg, Pa., "the smoky city," the centre of the Black Country of the States and the home town of the pickle magnate. Special efforts have been made to cope with the smoke menace, but although conditions were greatly ameliorated, none were so effective in reducing the murk as the serious slump the country has endured of late

# COUP d'ETAT *in the* ARGENTINE

**The Hermit-President, Dr. Irigoyen, dispossessed in an almost bloodless revolution by a junta headed by General José Uriburu**

By AN EX-RESIDENT in "B.A."

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH—

The Hermit-President, Dr. Hipolito Irigoyen, who tried to run the Argentine as a one-man show

Those of us who have lived for many years in Argentina were probably even more surprised than was the average Englishman when we learned of the short and sharp revolution that has so dramatically been effected in Buenos Aires.

We have been accustomed to look upon this Argentine Republic, basking in the prosperity of its square miles of wheat lands and its millions of steers and sheep, as the most stable as well as the most prosperous and most modern Republic in the whole of South America, a Republic inhabited by about 11,000,000 people (census returns are not too reliable), none of them poor in the ordinary sense of the word, none of them unemployed, and fully 2,000,000 of whom are concentrated in that wonder-city, Buenos Aires.

Buenos Aires—"B.A." as it is always called—is the nerve-centre of this Argentine Republic, it is the focus of all commercial activity, the point from which all the principal railway lines radiate, the social capital and the birthplace of all political thought. If anything happens in Argentina, it happens in Buenos Aires.

We knew of course that there had been a bad harvest this year, with the logical resultant general commercial depression; for everything in Argentina depends, directly or indirectly, on the crops. But the whole world is suffering just now from general economic depression, and perhaps we are all inclined to put the blame to a certain extent on our respective Governments.

And just as Argentina is Buenos Aires, so the Argentine Government is—or has been—Irigoyen. An enigma of a man, even to his intimate associates, this ex-President, Dr. Hipolito Irigoyen, formerly law student, rancher, and history lecturer. If he has a private life at all no one knows it, unless it be his "man Friday," one Scarlatto, who was a *lustrador*, or public boot-cleaner, until he was selected by Irigoyen as his confidential personal attendant. No one knows if he is married; no one knows his age, which is certainly nearer eighty than seventy.

In the days when, in 1916, he first became President of the Republic, we knew him, rightly or wrongly, as the man who somehow or other managed to keep his country from declaring war against Germany. We knew him, too, as an advanced Radical-Socialist at a time when it was not so fashionable as it has later become to claim Socialistic sympathies at polite dinner tables. He was always the Hermit-President, shunning publicity and public appearances, handing over his official salary to charity, and refusing to make any personal use at all of the official Presidential residence in the Casa Rosada in the Plaza de Mayo. It was one of our stock jokes, when showing a new arrival the sights of Buenos Aires, to say, "Now come and see where the President lives," and lead him to a mean, shabby little flat over a tobacconist's shop and point out the plain-clothes detective—never a uniformed sentry or policeman—in a doorway opposite who, despite the President's wishes, kept visitors and passers-by under observation.

Irigoyen's return to the Presidency in 1928 was sheer drama. Up to a week before the election no one knew definitely whether he was to be a candidate. When he consented to be nominated, he made the stipulation that he would make no speech, give no promises, and put forward no programme. He stood on his own personality and scored an amazing triumph, being hailed, especially in the provinces and agricultural districts, as "the friend of the people."

Argentina is, on the whole, modern of the moderns, and the national Constitution is in many respects a model, embodying most of the best features of procedure hammered out in the school of bitter experience by other and older nations. But there still exists the weak and cumbersome feature that the personal signature of the President is required to practically every official document, down to the monthly pay warrant of Government clerks, postmen, and policemen. A very considerable portion of the Presidential day has thus to be spent signing innumerable documents if the routine of Government is to be carried on smoothly. A less individualistic President, or (perhaps it would be fairer to say) one less imbued with the conviction of his own selection as the instrument of destiny, would have followed the established precedent of signing without more ado all routine documents properly vouched for and submitted by his Ministers and responsible officials.

Not so this eccentric Argentine President, whose Ministers were forced to become mere puppets, and who attempted the impossible task of running the entire Government of a country practically single-handed. Policemen and soldiers whose pay is three or four months in arrear merely because routine papers have not been signed do not tend to remain loyal servants of a régime, and the discontent quickly spreads to their creditors. When, in addition, political influence pervades the sphere of military and naval promotion, the result is almost inevitable. Spanish influence is still strong in the Argentine Republic, and recent events in Spain have stirred Latin America.

—YIELDING PLACE TO NEW:

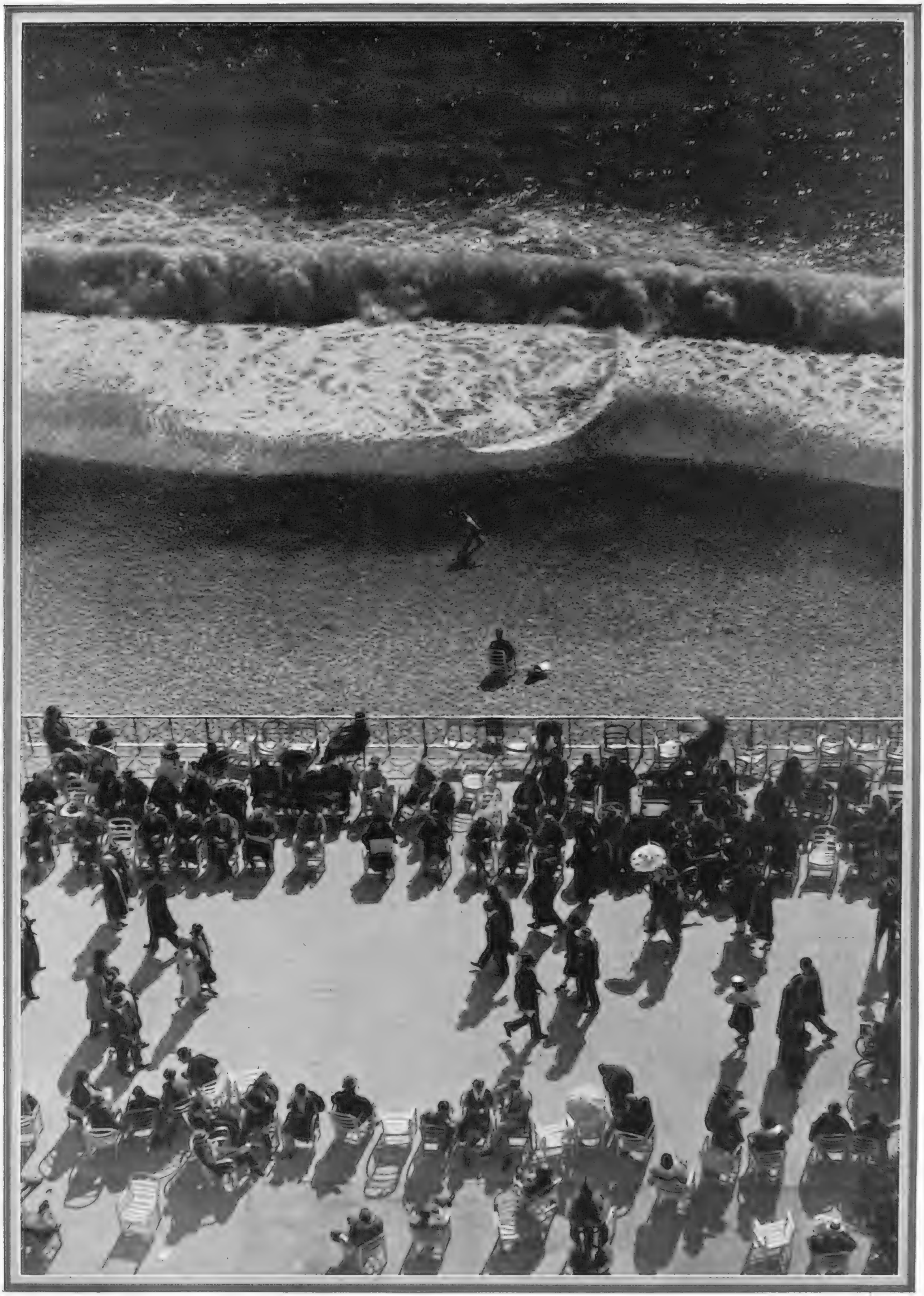
General José Uriburu, K.B.E., head of the provisional Junta in charge of Argentine affairs

General José Uriburu, K.B.E., the head of the provisional Junta in charge of affairs (his cousin, of the same name, is the Argentine Ambassador in London), bears a name well known and honoured in Argentine diplomacy and public life. He is a distinguished soldier and is worshipped by all ranks in the army.

He has issued a communiqué which is a model of discretion and moderation, and has very wisely, under the circumstances, made it quite clear in advance that neither himself nor any of those associated with him in the present *coup d'état* will accept nomination as a candidate for the vacant Presidency.

British interests in Argentina are of course very considerable. It is commonly claimed that there is more British capital invested in the Republic than in any individual British Dominion or Colony. Whether this is so or not, the fact remains that an enormous number of British investors, who have never in their lives been in Argentina, and who have no other connection with the country, have holdings, many of them quite small, in railways and other concerns operating in the Republic. On a conservative estimate the total amount of British capital invested in Argentine business concerns today must be over £400,000,000, more than half of which is represented by railway company shares. This fact in itself, apart from other factors, explains and justifies the sympathetic interest which the British people take in present events on the Rio de la Plata, and in the future development of a country which coined, deliberately in our favour, the slogan "Buy from those that buy from us."

ARGENTINA APPRECIATES FRANCE: The delegation of Argentine doctors and journalists organized by the Franco-Argentine Committee and the Office National de Tourisme, which came to France to study Gallic conditions, tastes wine at Bordeaux in the cellars of the Société Calvet



*Martin Munkacsi*

# WHAT *are the* WILD WAVES SAYING?

A Speaking Study from Germany

*The rough roar of the shore and the shingle,*
*The high-crying, sky-flying gulls,*
*And where wind-rift and spindrift commingle*
*The half-clouded, smoke-shrouded hulls:*

*Diurnal, eternal in motion,*
*The staves of the waves lilting free;*
*The spume and the plume of the ocean,*
*The swell and the spell of the sea.*

# IN the

*MOTHER AND CHILD: A white rhino cow and nearly grown calf in the thick bush of the Upper Nile*

Where the River Nile flows sluggishly between wide expanses of papyrus swamp, and the sun pours down a deadly heat one may find in a small area a few of the rare white rhinoceroses, the third largest of living land mammals.

The Government of Uganda, and those who administer the affairs of the West Nile Province are not very keen to have anyone enter the district where this beast has its sanctuary. When they do give permission it is only with the understanding that none of the rhinos will be harmed. I having assured them on this score they allowed me to take my party out in search of the animals in order that photographs might be obtained. The route was so arranged that while attempting to reach the west coast of Africa we should go near their haunts.

After motoring across Uganda to Butiaba, on the eastern shore of Lake Albert, we loaded our two trucks on board a lighter, which was towed behind the good ship *Samuel Baker* to the western side at a place marked on some maps as Mahaji Port.

One grass hut and a shaky pier covered with a black mass of humanity constituted the entire town and population of this port. When I gazed on the place where the trucks were supposed to be landed, visions of a collapsed pier and my transportation unit under water caused me to seek the captain. He was looking for me also, with a message that a large bridge that spanned a deep canyon had been wrecked by high water, and that if we landed it would be impossible to proceed into the back country. This left no choice but to remain on board and travel down the Nile to the next landing.

As we steamed down the river in the darkness some lights loomed ahead, and not long afterwards the *Samuel Baker* was tied alongside the river-boat *Lugard*, to which all our goods were transferred. The latter boat is built for shallow water, having a draught of only 2 ft. Next morning the river had narrowed and thousands of white ibis flew about and covered the trees on shore like white blossoms.

We landed the trucks and ourselves at Pakwach, this place being twice the size of Mahaji Port, boasting of two grass huts. As each truck came off the lighter it punched a hole in the pier, but this was nothing to what happened later, for we went through each and every culvert on the road to Arua, some 120 miles distant.

We stopped the first night at Ngal, and the next day proved to be one of the hardest of the expedition, for from sunrise to sunset our total mileage was ten and one-half. There were five bridges to cross, not regular bridges as we think of them, but logs thrown across rivers, upheld by forked limbs and surfaced with bamboo for a possible cart or car to cross on.

We made an inspection of each bridge as we came to it, and found it necessary to unload everything from the trucks and run them over empty. Luckily for us, as soon as the trucks stopped, a crowd of natives appeared, and these we put to work carrying the loads to the other side.

Two of these bridges were more than 50 ft. high and 200 ft. long, and to lessen the chances of an accident we hauled the trucks over with a long rope pulled by a hundred or more natives. Even then it required plenty of nerve to sit at the wheel and guide the trucks, for the bridges swayed like long snakes, while bamboo cross-pieces snapped underneath.

After this arduous day we were glad to reach the village of Nebbi and make camp for the night. Here I sent for the Sultan, as I wanted to get some facts about his people. He came at once and proved to be a young man with strong features, a pleasant manner and broad smile. Gelasega was the name of this sub-chief, or sultan, he being the son of Sultan Amula, the paramount ruler of the Alulu, who holds his Court at Okaro. We served him with tea, and then, as he spoke Swahili fluently, I was able to get first-hand information about this strange and little-known people.

The country of the Alulu covers that large area extending from the west bank of the River Nile into the high hills near Okollo. I was assured that his people were very old, and they had lived in this country since the early time of man. But try as he would this young Sultan could tell no tale of the past that rang true.

*THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES: The cow has larger horns than the bull. Unlike the black rhino, the white species is herbivorous*

As we passed through the villages of Paida, Neapea, Zeio, Warr, Kango, and Logiri the entire population turned out and cheered the strange wagons. This is Africa at its darkest, the Africa that the early explorers knew, unspoiled by the semi-civilization that has arisen in so many parts, without, so far as my personal observations go, doing anything of real value for the black man.

At Arua I went to see the British official in charge of the district, and his first question was as to the route we had come. When I replied from Pakwach he was more than surprised, and asked how many bridges we had wrecked. It seems that we were the first ever to land at Pakwach and motor to Arua, the road and bridges being only for foot safaries.

Forty-two miles by road brought us again to the Nile, and there we camped close to its shore. On the opposite side a huge papyrus swamp stretched from the river edge to the distant horizon, a swamp that teemed with poisonous reptiles and all that order of things that love the dark and the damp. Pythons of enormous size make this their home, but cross the river in search of small game. Hippos live on the edge and many buffalo not far away.

On our side of the Nile live those rare and strange beasts left over from the long ago, from the age when all the animals of the earth were weird of form and armed for battle, and it was with a feeling that I had been transported back into the age of flying reptiles and sabre-toothed tigers that I followed the lithe negro who strode in front of me as the little party wound in and out through the tall grass, the small trees, and over a landscape that fitted into the mental picture of Africa perfectly.

No matter in what country you hunt the rhino it is always the same story of weary miles under a scorching sun, for all members of this family seem to pick the hardest and most trying country for their haunts. Mile after mile we

# HOME of the WHITE RHINOCEROS

## The Third Largest of Living Land Mammals in the World

By PAUL L. HOEFLER

*The Colorado African Expedition is now engaged in an overland journey across Africa from west to east north of the Equator, and proposes to cross the continent again from west to east. The leader of the expedition in the article below gives an account of a camera hunt of the rare white rhinoceros of the Upper Nile*

*A QUARTETTE OF UGLINESS: A picture taken on the west bank of the Nile in Uganda. Eight specimens were found together*

walked, but just as I felt inclined to call a short halt for a rest the boy ahead stopped still and pointed towards a clump of small trees. Coming up to him I made out two light-coloured shapes standing in the shade, the shapes moving slightly as I looked, thus proving that they were not ant-hills like many "rhinos" we had already seen.

This cow and calf were very shy, and gave us a hard half-hour's work in attempting to picture them. When they shifted and got into the open so that a good view was had of them, we appreciated for the first time the tremendous bulk of these animals. The cow loomed over the calf like an ocean liner over a tug-boat, and the latter was large enough to attract attention in any company, even though it was only half grown. We stalked them with cameras, rushing here and there trying to get into a position where a good picture could be taken. Our two gun-boys tried their best to keep close at hand, but twice when the cow lost her temper and snorted in our direction, the boys made short work of getting into a high perch, leaving us *sans* guns and too tired to run.

This is a wild and out-of-the-way country very seldom visited by white men, a country where primitive man still lives as he has for untold centuries, for the little contact he has had with the white race has changed him but slightly, and his ways of living not at all.

There is a young Scotsman who gets about this district in the interests of a large trading company, and as he happened along during our stay, we had him for dinner one evening. He told us of an experience he had been through during the construction of his bungalow. The doors had not yet been hung, although otherwise the place was finished. He was sleeping in the bedroom and at his feet slept his only companion, a small dog. During the night he heard a slight noise and wakened just in time to catch a glimpse of a large leopard as it bolted through the doorway with his dog in its mouth.

In a native village less than five miles from our camp, a lion has just been killed that terrorized the villagers for many months. This old lion started its career by killing a woman near the spring when she went for water. Having once tasted human flesh, it demanded more and laid in wait near the spring until another woman had been added to the list. The natives now avoided this place, but the man-eater was cunning and stalked the women as they worked in the sweet-potato patches or in the maize fields until it had killed and eaten eleven women. The men at last went to the white man for help. A man came out from the post and managed to shoot the brute.

Early in the morning we again went in search of the white rhino, and this time were successful beyond all expectations. An hour's walk brought us to a place where some rhinos had wallowed that night. We tracked them then over hill and dale. It was impossible to make out how many there were ahead of us, for the tracks would branch off and then join up again, then all would walk almost in the same footprints.

In far less mileage than we had covered on the previous occasion we came upon them. Gathering the party together into a compact group the cameras were made ready for action, and with two boys to carry the movie outfit, one gun-bearer for any emergency that might arise, and J. and I each with a small camera, we crept slowly towards them.

Both of us had stalked the black rhino, and I had filmed more than one of these truculent creatures, but this was a different animal, and the surprise and thrill that awaited us around the corner of a small bush is impossible to describe, for there stood not two but five huge beasts, one of which would tower over a black rhino like the Woolworth Building over Trinity Church. How many tons of flesh was represented there I cannot state, but this mammoth pachyderm gave me a good reason to look around to see if the gun-bearer was close to hand. He was not!

The bull stood broadside-on, a mountain of flesh and bone, the profile of head and horns outlined against the sky in such a way as to be more impressive than if seen against a background of trees. They had no suspicion of our being there and went on feeding and nosing about. Placing the camera in position I began to grind away, and as I did I had the time to take a few mental notes.

They are not white, but might appear so in a certain light. The actual colour is a light reddish-brown. The horns are very long and quite slim, the front horn being the longest in all cases—how long I would not care to say, for it would only be a guess, but the record horn for a white rhino cow is $62\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Its muzzle was truncated and had no prehensile tip, this being why it is sometimes referred to as the square-lipped rhinoceros. The skull has great length and when it turned and faced me I could not but remark the enormous width of its face caused by the square mouth and flat front surface of the horn. When it walked its head was carried low and it seemed that the earth jarred just a bit.

The big rhino walked slowly to within thirty yards of me and then must have heard the clicking of the camera, for he moved away, to be followed by seven more. I got them all as they crossed the screen one behind the other.

*MONSTERS OF THE BUSH: Two bulls feeding. They are exceeded in size only by elephant and whale*

After this scene we worked with the eight rhinos for some three hours, filming them from many different positions, and in so doing we took quite a few chances, for although their vision is poor and their hearing not so good, they have a marvellously keen scent, and as the wind was somewhat gusty and often veered about it kept us busy keeping to their windward. Once the wind suddenly changed and placed us in a rather uncomfortable position for a while. We were almost surrounded by the eight rhinos when the air carried knowledge of our presence to a cow with calf. She turned on us and snorted, then made a short dash forward. Behind us within forty yards stood three of the group, two more were close to hand on our right, while the big bull was eyeing us from a distance of not more than fifty paces to our left. Had the cow charged it would have been hard to decide just which way to run.

We kept after a young bull, trying to get some real close-ups, until he got angry at our persistence and charged. It came as a complete surprise, for we had by now got quite used to them and had lost all fear, so there was a mad scramble for a while. The rhino had all the advantage, for in a hand-to-hand battle he would have won hands down, while we could not shoot.

As he rushed towards my camera I forgot all else and tried to attract his attention to myself, at the same time looking about for a suitable tree. He came about half way and then showed some hesitation, and just at this point in the comedy-drama J. got hold of his gun and fired a shot into the air. The report frightened the angry rhino and away he went, this time in the proper direction for a charging rhino.

Well satisfied with the day and thankful that nobody had been hurt, we trekked back to our camp on the Nile. Going down to its bank for a swim and to watch the hippos disporting across the way, we discussed the white rhino and its probable fate under any Government other than that which now protects it. We agreed that it should continue to be protected, for although a formidable beast and well able to hold its own against any opponent in the animal kingdom, it would soon vanish under the gunfire of the modern hunter.

The white rhino is a left-over from prehistoric times, a weird animal as well as a rare one, a ponderous beast still tramping through the torrid heat, amid the silent jungles that skirt the western shores of the Nile.

# LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

## An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

**THE FOURTH ESTATE.**—Each country deserves the Press it has. That is even a greater truism than the saying that each nation deserves the Government it has.

Governments are sometimes difficult to change or to get rid of. But you can stop buying your favourite newspaper any day. No one can compel you to take one you do not want. Therein lies the great potential influence of the subscriber or reader upon the Press—if he will but exercise that power. The man-in-the-street can make or break any newspaper. He can buy a poor paper, of indifferent contents, low tone, or of policy not for public good, and help to make that paper worse. He can support a good newspaper, and through that support, help to make it better.

"What is the matter with the daily Press nowadays?"—the querulous question reaches me in letters, and often verbally.

Some say too much crime and divorce. Others too much sports, party politics—too little attention to accuracy, less enterprise in news-getting, local trivialities in place of matters of national or international importance. No compass direction for the people, lack of leadership and inspiration, in these days of political confusion, pessimism, uncertainty of the future.

Such criticism is not confined to England or the British Press alone. Singularly enough, the same note is struck about the Press in several other countries. Too much deference to Government or political parties, and an increasing absence of that independence for which the British and American Press was once so famous.

It is as hard to generalize about the daily Press as it is to generalize about people. In both they differ as between countries, and differ again within each country.

Newspaper publishing has become more of a commercialized institution than it was in former years. Vast sums invested, the tendency to form groups under the same control with the same policy, for greater profit and political mass influence, are mainly responsible.

Idealism, as a rule, has to be its own reward. It rarely pays cash dividends in private life, or in a newspaper, when rivals do not indulge in it. The masses do not always appreciate idealism in a newspaper. Then, too, there is a difference of opinion as to ideals and idealism.

The circulation of some of our "best" newspapers refutes the assertion that the public wants a better Press. Unfortunately some editors confuse dullness, conservatism, and ponderous stodginess with accuracy and seriousness in the presentation of news or leaders. Others go to opposite extremes, and apparently think that their readers only want to be entertained, not informed. Some newspapers put you to sleep at first glance, others shock you. Some have kept pace with the changing times, others look as they did twenty-five years ago.

Formerly, the "controls" directing the course and policy of a newspaper were more often on the upper floors in the editorial rooms. To-day, they are usually downstairs in the business office.

I hear much complaint amongst the journalistic fraternity of their organizations' lack of interest in news-getting enterprise. "News," snorted in disgust a well-known continental staff correspondent of a big London daily, "they (the editors) want entertainment, not news."

Important news is not always interesting to the masses, and interesting happenings not always important. Newspapers in the smaller countries, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, for instance, are often more informative, less insular, freer from bias, and better edited than many publications of the big nations.

The genus journalist-publishers are dying off, in the same way that there is a dearth of great statesmen to lead us through this era of chaos and depression.

Whatever may be wrong with the Press in this, or any other country, the readers have the remedy in their own hands.

**THE ORIENTAL TORCH-BEARER.**—Siam, mysterious "Land of the White Elephant," ruled absolutely by young King Prajadhipok from his gorgeous palace in Bangkok, the "Jewel City of Asia," is reviewing with justifiable pride its progress and achievements during the last ten years.

To-day sees the Tai, or "Free People" of this, the sole independent Kingdom in the Southern Seas, second only to Japan in progressiveness. Recently published census statistics show a 2,298,852 increase in population, and significantly 1,734 new Buddhist Temples. Modernization, apparently, is not yet undermining tradition in the unique "Land of the Yellow Robe," so-called from Siam's claim to some 140,000 orange-garbed Buddhist priests.

King Prajadhipok, who succeeded his brother King Rama VI in 1925, at the age of 32, was educated at Eton and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. He is undoubtedly one of the most interesting political figures of the Far East. Absolute monarch, crowned with all the exotic splendour of glittering ceremony—the Three Royal Crowns, the Royal Sword of Victory, the nine-tiered Umbrella of State, the Eight Weapons of Sovereignty, and innumerable titles—one of his first acts was to create a Supreme Council of State, consisting of five members, all Princes of experience and reputed wisdom. Next he established a Legislative, or Privy Council of forty "Persons of Siamese nationality . . . . of ability and high character."

Siam's modern-minded ruler evidently anticipates a future Constitutional Government by explaining that his "predominating desire is to experiment in, and cultivate the art of, debating as practised in large assemblies, so that whenever the time is ripe for a change in the method of government, it will then be an easy matter to effect such a change."

Not long after his accession, King Prajadhipok undertook to balance the Budget, quickly wiped out the deficit, and achieved a surplus by retiring some six thousand officials, reorganizing Government offices and the Royal Household. He despatched Commisions to study systems of Local Government, delegates to attend conferences of the

*THE SUBJECT OF FRANCE'S MISTAKE: Mr. William Randolph Hearst who was expelled from France the other day because of his revelations of the Franco-British secret Naval Pact last year*

League of Nations of which Siam is a member, investigated thoroughly, and where practical, encourages, reforms advocated by the various League Commissions. The King's interest in the education of youth, public welfare, mechanical transport and communication, modern agriculture, sport, status of women, aviation and science, reflect the influence of his own English education and Western standards.

Queen Rambaibarni, unlike the majority of oriental consorts, shares her husband's interests, even to joining him at golf on the private links of the Royal Palace in Bangkok, while the Princesses Poon and Palai, daughters of Prince Damrong of Siam, who visited London this season, revealed themselves almost as emancipated and up to date as their western hostesses.

Inevitable eastern paradox creeps in with the fact that this progressive independent kingdom, guided to enlightenment by a western-educated ruler, is the only completely Buddhist country in the world. The King of Siam "Upholder of the Buddhist Faith" is at the same time the most westernized of his countrymen.

*THE MOST PROGRESSIVE OF EASTERN RULERS: King Prajadhipok of Siam, who has modernized his country out all recognition in the past decade and yet has abandoned no whit of its traditional holiness*

**JAPAN LOOKS ON INDIA.**—Gandhi's "Civil Disobedience" revolt, and India's determination to secure Dominion status—if not more—are attracting much quiet attention in Japan, I hear from well-informed private sources in Tokio.

It is no secret that the Indian Nationalists have organized a not-unimportant propaganda centre in Japan, and that some of the private financial contributions from the United States to the Indian cause come via that channel.

The Indian "Non-violent" revolt and boycott movement against Britain finds no little sympathy in certain Japanese circles, although characteristic Japanese reserve is maintained so far as public expression of views is concerned.

It would be erroneous to deduce from that any hostility on the part of Japan towards Britain in India. But Japan is interested in the struggle in India between Indian Nationalists and the British Raj. Viewed objectively, and examined impartially, it is not difficult to understand why Japan is interested in watching developments in India, with sympathetic leanings towards India's aspiration to eventual independence.

Among the "great powers" of the earth to-day, of which there are five if we leave out Russia, Japan is the only "non-white" member of that exclusive coterie, and the only "non-white" great power in the League of Nations.

It would be no more than natural, despite all the respect shown to her at Geneva or other Conferences, that Japan must, in a certain sense, feel isolated and alone. It would be just as natural and human that Japan should look with some degree of sympathy upon the rise of another "non-white" power to second herself—some nation that would be no danger to her, and with whom there would be at least some ties of race, colour, and of religious and philosophical ideals.

A "Great China" could be a menace to Japan. A "Great India" could hardly be that. But Japan, in time, might be glad to see an India that could be a counter-balance to China.

On the other hand, the distant possibilities of India becoming more industrialized, and with cheaper labour a rival economic and trade factor, is not overlooked.

The "New India," of which Gandhi, Patel, the Nehrus and other Indian leaders dream, would be a far different factor, too, in the Pan-Asiatic movement of which Japan aspires to be the head, the brains, the leading military and naval power.

And that, write my correspondents, is why Japan is watching developments in India with keen interest and a considerable measure of sympathy.

**A FRENCH MISTAKE.**—Governments are composed of humans, sometimes very mediocre humans, not of super-men. Their statesmanship, leadership, policy, acts, depend wholly upon the measure of intelligence, wisdom, broadness, vision, judgment of the individual members of government plus the restraint or impulse of public opinion as they see it. It follows that governments have all the weaknesses of the humans who compose or dominate it, forgetting at times that what they might do as individuals may be a bad policy when done by a government.

The expulsion from France last week of William Randolph Hearst, America's great "newspaper king" is a crass example. What harm could such expulsion do to Mr. Hearst? What good could it do for France?

It will not reduce the tremendous circulation of his newspapers—the largest daily newspaper circulation controlled by any one individual in the world—or diminish the number of clients whom he serves with his two news agencies over 100,000 miles of leased telegraph lines.

That the French Government thereby put on record a certain degree of "fear" of Mr. Hearst astonished not a few friends of France.

It is the right of every newspaper to have such editorial policy as the proprietor or editor considers to be in the interests of his country.

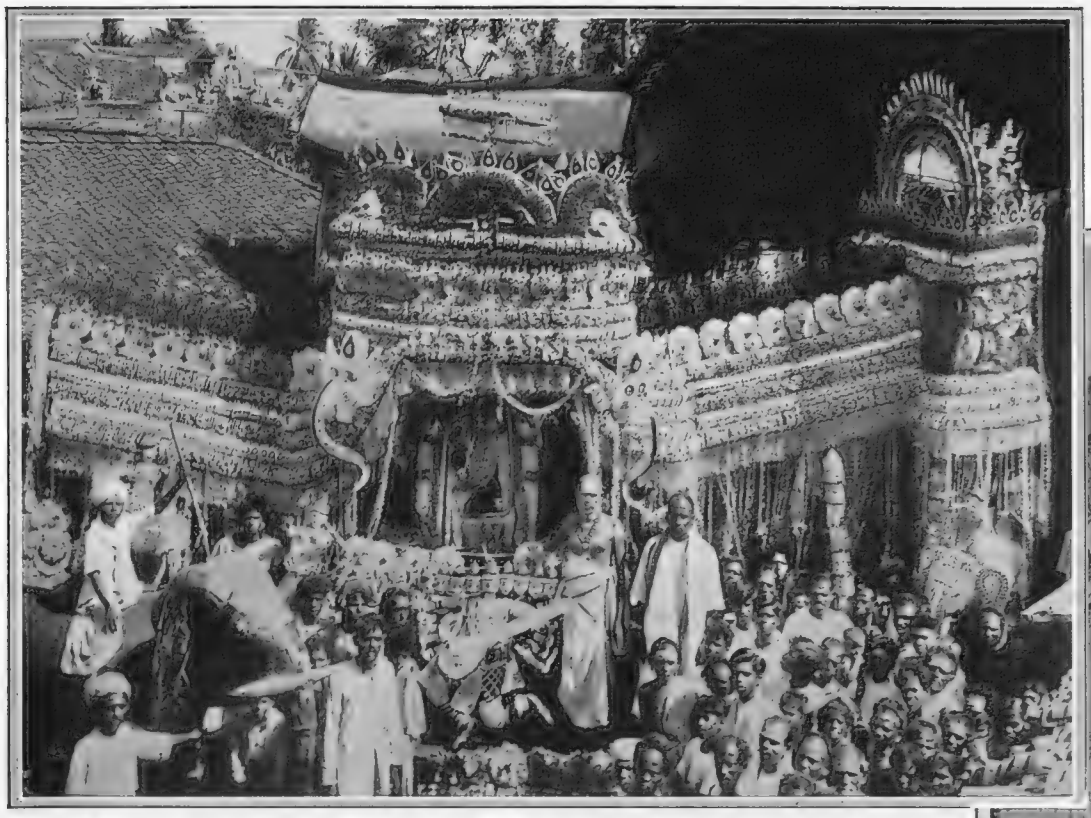
What the French Government overlooked, and other European Governments often fall into the same mistake, is that in the American Press, the editorial page and editorial opinion are not rated as important as the news columns.

For Mr. Hearst it can be said that the columns of no newspaper in America are more open to the world than those of the Hearst newspapers. Some of the leading statesmen of France have contributed articles to the Hearst newspapers, and still continue to do so regularly. It is more than doubtful that Mr. Hearst will retaliate by shutting out those French political writers, although that could do real harm to France in the American public mind.

To have expelled Mr. Hearst, and leave his three important news and magazine bureaux with their staffs in Paris is just another inconsistency to which governments are prone.

# INDIA.

## The Birth-pangs of a Nation in the Making



FAITH FIGHTS CHOLERA: The annual procession followed by a large gathering of educated Indians held during Mail Week. Readers of "Mother India" will recall the prejudice of the high-caste Brahmins against medical science. Disease, in reactionary Indian opinion, can only be warded off by manifestations of this type

DEVOTIONAL DRESS: In many orthodox Hindu temples picketing is rife, and only those wearing garments of native-made material are permitted to enter—a direct consequence of the Gandhi campaign in favour of Khadder

THE HUMAN BARRIER: Congress volunteers took dramatic action when they learned some Bombay merchants were circumventing the pickets by transferring their goods outside the city. One volunteer is seen above endeavouring to stop the entrance of a cart of merchandise

THE CONVERT: Miss Madeleine Slade, daughter of an English admiral, who has abandoned her country and her God for India and Gandhi. Now known as Meera Bei, she is Gandhi's associate and wears *Khadder* in token of having "gone native"

THE VOICE OF THE SIKHS: Members of that historic and martial race resident in Bombay have become corrupted from their ancient allegiance to the Maharaja of Patiala. They staged a hostile demonstration at the Mol Station on the departure of the Maharaja for England

SCHOOL-GIRL STRIKERS: Wearying of two hours' ineffective squatting outside the gates, some pupils forced an entrance to their picketed school in Ahmedabad and hoisted the national flag

"THE LINER, SHE'S A LADY": The new Italian liner *Roma*, of the Navigazione Generale Italiana line. She is a quadruple screw turbine ship of 32,583 tons, is 706 ft. long, 83 ft. in the beam, and 47 ft. deep. Her horse-power is 33,000 and her speed 21 knots. She was commissioned in 1926—one year before the motor-ship *Augustus* of the same line "leaped into the ocean's arms"

LAUNCHED AT THE BREAK OF DAWN: The motor oil-tanker *Corabank*, takes the water at the Belfast shipyards of Messrs. Workman, Clark, and Co. The ceremony was performed by the Hon. Mrs. Fleming

*Inset above*—THE MAYOR OF TOKIO inspects the construction of the breakwater at the new harbour of Tokyo when he was present at the launching of the last caisson to be put down in the capital's reconstructed harbour

TOKIO'S LAST CAISSON LAUNCHED: The reconstruction after the earthquake of the main harbour of Japan is nearing completion. The last caisson was launched last month in the presence of the Mayor, M. Nagata

# SHIPS *of the* SEA

And other Pictorial Maritime News

IN THE THAMES OFF GRAVESEND: A typical cargo vessel in the Thames to which the pilot tug is moving

# The CARGO SHIPS of BRITAIN

## A Survey of a Precarious but still Hopeful Position

By FRANK C. BOWEN

Shipping is accustomed to a succession of booms and slumps, but even the oldest hand in the industry cannot remember a slump that has lasted for nine years and shows no signs of finishing. No doubt it will come to an end one day, as slumps always have before, and the question is what direction shipping prosperity will take when it revives and how Britain will be prepared to take advantage of it.

From every indication the fast ship will have the advantage, just as she has to-day, when she is about the only type that has any chance of showing a profit. Before the War there were two sharply-divided classes of cargo, the hurried and the cheap. The former was carried by liners with or without passenger accommodation, and was in the hands of a comparatively few companies, while the latter invariably went in tramps chartered to carry whole cargoes and run as cheaply as they possibly could be.

Naturally enough those tramps were slow, but as they were cheaply chartered there was no complaint on this score. Now things have changed completely, for commodity values vary so rapidly that few shippers care to have their goods tied up in floating warehouses on account of the risk of a falling market, to say nothing of the overhead costs, and a big proportion of the merchandise that was formerly carried in tramps is now shipped in cargo liners on account of their superior speed. The natural result is that tramps are being built for a considerably greater speed than was considered necessary in 1914.

But speed costs money, for fuel consumption normally increases with the horse-power, which itself increases very rapidly for every knot over a certain level. If marine engineering were still in its 1914 condition it would be ruinous to give the speeds which are now regarded as quite normal, and the cost would have to be passed on to the consumer in the long run, but happily it is very much cheaper than it was. Not only are the running costs of the Diesel-engined ships very low on many favourable trades, but the steam engineer has been spurred on by the wonderful success of the internal-combustion man, and has obtained results undreamed of before the War.

Of course new machinery costs money, and this has to be met in overhead charges, but with the Bauer-Wach principle, for instance, the speed of a ship can be increased from 14 to 16 knots without burning a single extra ton of fuel by the simple means of adding a low-pressure turbine to a reciprocating engine, and using the power left in the steam that the last cylinder has finished with, and that would otherwise be wasted, into the condenser. Alternatively, the increase of from 15 to 20 per cent. in power can be utilized to get the same speed out of a smaller consumption if the design of the boiler installation permits it.

The result of the success of this system is that there are any number of conversions in hand which are comparable only to the conversion of compound engines into triple expansions in the 'eighties and 'nineties. Many of the biggest cargo companies are treating their ships in this way, while others are getting economy by the use of pulverized fuel, higher pressures, and various other means. In all these the British Merchant Service is comfortably ahead of its rivals.

Age counts for economical running nearly as much as the actual machinery, not only on account of increased consumption as the engines get worn, but also more need for constant repairs, added insurance premiums, and a score of other ways.

With regard to speed Britain is in a strong position against her rivals, as is shown by the following table of purely or primarily cargo ships of over 5,000 tons and 13 knots speed:

| | *15 Knots and over* | *Over 14 and under 15* | *Over 13 and under 14* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Great Britain - | 44 | 122 | 117 |
| Holland - - | 10 | — | 38 |
| Japan - - - | 6 | 10 | 29 |
| Germany - - | 8 | 9 | 34 |
| Italy - - - | — | — | 1 |
| Norway - - | — | 4 | 8 |

Italy, it will be seen, is not keenly interested in fast cargo liners, relying on her cheap running costs to get her cheap cargoes.

*(Continued on following page)*

MILES OF METAL: Hundreds of tons of old iron and other metals from dismantled bridges, cars, and other sources are sent to the old iron port by the Thames in East London. The metal is cut up by a "guillotine" and is then shipped to other ports or abroad to be melted down for future use

TRANSPORT OF TRANSPORT: The novel type of vessel constructed by Messrs. Swan, Hunter, and Wigham Richards, Ltd., Wallsend, to carry railway wagons. She will carry ninety to ninety-five loaded wagons weighing (with their contents) a mean of 67 tons apiece between New Orleans and Havana. This vessel differs from other railway ferry steamers by carrying wagons on three decks instead of on only one

# BRITAIN'S COMMERCIAL NAVY K

## A Typical Tramp of Modern Design Pounds throu

From the painting by
FRANK H. MASON

*Exhibited at the R.I. Exhibition, 1930*

# KNOWN IN ALL THE SEVEN SEAS

through all Weathers at a Comparatively High Pace

*(Continued from preceding page)*

In up-to-dateness, unfortunately, we are not so lucky, for Norway, Holland and Japan made huge profits during the War which they have been spending very largely on new construction, while Germany was forced into a colossal effort by the surrender of her merchant service in reparation for submarine activities. We, on the other hand, still possess a large number of old and war-built standard steamers which are not ideal as cargo carriers. Taking the British shipping industry as a whole, some system of rationalization is badly needed to clear the list of the numerous obsolete ships, but how to bring it about is a matter of insurmountable difficulty. Ships which were bought during the boom frequently still stand at book values greater than could be hoped for on the market and their owners naturally want to keep them in the hope of a rise. And in any circumstances the scrap steel market has dropped so rapidly recently that some ships which were bought by the ship-breakers at a very reasonable price are still lying at their yards, not worth a big expenditure in wages to complete their destruction.

# QUALITY

THE VALUE IS IN THE CIGARETTES.

ISSUED BY THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LIMITED

# ONE MAGNIFICENT BOOK

## And Some Others, Good, Bad, and Indifferent

### Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

*Raphael*

LOOKING TOWARDS THE FUTURE: Mr. Geoffrey Dennis, whose new book, "The End of the World," published by Eyre and Spottiswoode, deals with the possible future of humanity after the physical globe has been destroyed by any one of many causes

After a long silence in which one feared that the poet, who had stood foremost amid the host moved to song by the horrors and ecstacies of war, had grown dumb for ever, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon occupied the horizon again with his *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*. That book was so exquisite, written in such an undertone, with a note so reluctant in its enthusiasm, that it was natural for his readers to ask for more. Fox-hunting really did not matter so long as Mr. Sassoon took us into the stable or anywhere else, and allowed his shy, mumbling Sherston to muse quietly upon the various follies and attractions of the human race. His aunt, his maid, Dixon, his horse, his friends, they all moved, soft as a magic lantern slide across the sheets of his book. I fear this sequel, *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.), will disappoint many, but the fault will not be its author's. One was aware from the beginning that he would write only what he wished to write, in his own time, in his own way, and this narrative is the slow continuance of the history of George Sherston the fox-hunter.

This time we go to the trenches with him. This is a war book, not a remarkable, not a startling war book. Its absolute quiet honesty, its use of worn material, its determination to thrust the narrator into the background, rob it of any chance of thrilling the reader. It has none of the delicately human quality of its predecessor, again because the author will not create what he has not found. Here is a plain account of trench warfare. Even when we approach the personal crisis, in which Sherston revolts against the horrors of war, and gives us the most delicate portraits of the conscientious objectors he consorted with during that phase, the individual is so strictly repressed, so fair-minded, so unimpassioned, that one understands the puzzle he presented to his colonel, a man who meant well, according to his light, and wished to save a young officer from the unpleasantness of individual thought.

On this note of crisis the book ends, or rather, is merely arrested. We have been led up to a moment of intense drama and then left. Will Mr. Sassoon go on? His sequel has already been somewhat spoilt by the David of this book, Mr. Robert Graves, in his be-dammed-to-you-all sort of biography. I hope Mr. Sassoon will go on, for it is, if I may say so, not the war that matters, but George Sherston, who is, to the reader, so much more important. Mr. Sassoon might have written a violent book, a prose counterpart to his war poems, but the philosopher has intervened in the years between, and passion has given place to thoughtful perplexity. The memorable phrase is here, and the acid comment—"at Charing Cross a woman handed me a bunch of flowers and a leaflet by the Bishop of London, who earnestly advised me to lead a clean life and attend Holy Communion." But he no longer sees things black and white. Even the jolly old general, "who did for them both in his next attack," shall have justice, "since 1918 Generals have received their full share of ridicule and abuse," and he would subscribe to a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Great War Generals.

It is a new Sassoon who has emerged from those tense days, thoroughly sane, delicately compassionate, shrewd, and reticent concerning the depths of his heart. Only such a mind could produce such a book as this, sweet in spirit, quiet in feeling. It will not evoke, honestly, any such chorus of praise as the *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, his is a genius not suited to journalistic records. It is a good book, an honest book—it is, I hope, the prelude, to a Sherston, who must not leave us yet. Mr. Sassoon's mind has an individuality so divorced from the mass instinct that I should find anything he said worth listening to. For that reason I am more interested in Sherston than in the War, for that reason I want another book carrying the story on.

Here are two volumes by Johannes Haller, translated by Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne, defending the character of Prince von Eulenberg. I cannot for the life of me, think why Miss Mayne should have taken this trouble with *Philip Eulenberg, the Kaiser's Friend* (Secker. 30s. net). Five hundred of these pages disinter the tedious records of a diplomat's life in which nothing very memorable occurred. Then we come to the scandal that Maximilian Harden thrived upon. Herr Haller is a special pleader. He stoutly defends the Prince against the charge of inversion, which ruined him. Even were one able to agree with Herr Haller's advocacy—it is twisted in some of its pleadings, and on page 244 (second volume) has a statement so utterly ludicrous that his standing as a psychologist is made contemptible—the day is too late, the world too busy with the problems of the hour, to go back and delve into a scandal that should never have emerged.

The Kaiser, as might be expected, deserted his friend when the hounds of the Press picked up the scent. The process of the law was cruel, but the process of the law is always cruel where a complex psychology is involved. It is strange that a nation so versed in Freud and Hirschfeld should have been so shockable, but it smelt blood. One does not doubt that von Eulenberg was a charming man, a model husband, a good father; for the rest, sleeping dogs should be allowed to lie. The world, after a blood-bath, cannot be stirred to compassion by the scratchings of political and Court adversaries. Such glimpses as one gains in the pages of this book of the ex-Kaiser only confirm the verdict of the world. "His intentions, which were always noble were frustrated by his incapacity for seeing things as they were, and his complete lack of any insight into character was the vulnerable spot in his undeniable equipment of genius." That was the best that his friend could say of him.

Here is a most delightful biography, *Doctor Darwin*, by Hesketh Pritchard (Dent. 10s. 6d.). In few books have I met such a collection of odd and insane characters. Dr. Erasmus Darwin was the grandfather of Charles Darwin, but he has his own title to fame. He was not only an original character, a great doctor, a poet, an inventor, a friend of Wedgwood and Watt, he was a man of such outstanding personality that Samuel Johnson disliked him, as a rival to his own strong claim to being a public character. He founded the Lunar Society which met on moonlight nights at a Staffordshire house, so that its members might have the light of the moon to go home by. When he heard that the Butler had dubbed the members lunatics, he immediately appropriated the nickname.

Of all that group the most extraordinary, well-meriting the nickname, was Thomas Day. His search for a wife, and the tests to which he put the candidates, read like a farce. He took two foundlings, aged eleven and twelve, with the object of educating them as fit candidates for marriage. Neither experiment succeeded. His wife must not be a coward, so he tested the luckless Sabrina, who had now grown up, he dropped sealing-wax to show her indifference to ordinary pain, and was surprised when she screamed at the sizzling wax. Then he shot bullets into her petticoats and was disgusted to find that she jumped. We are informed that after this "his trust in the power of education faltered." Strange to relate, this madman found a woman to put up with his eccentricities. He objected to his wife having any friends, and kept her in Spartan seclusion, and she was compelled to give up her music; "we have no right to luxuries while the poor want bread."

This book is full of incredible stories. Darwin alas, had no Boswell. One wonders whether with such a pen at his service, he would not equal the other doctor in originality, and surpass him in geniality. Mr. Pearson has performed a needful task in preserving such a rich character.

I did not ever suspect that Miss Rose Macaulay, with her mordant wit and bright candour, would ever be in danger of not knowing when to stop writing, but that is how I am compelled to feel about her *Staying with Relations* (Collins. 7s. 6d.). The story is a very thin affair, made up from some experiences of a lecture tour in the United States and a visit to Guatemala. When this background is used up Miss Macaulay whisks her half-galvanized characters on to a cruising liner and treats us to a Cook's tour. She seems to have a twinge of conscience about the business, for she alludes to Catherine, the heroine, as "among the few novelists who are not bored by writing novels." Catherine visits her relations, Sir Richmond and Lady Cradock, who have settled amid the ruins of an old Mayan palace. Isie, the daughter, contrives to get kidnapped by two very unconvincing natives, and to be restored by a still more obliging storm. After this restoration, there is nothing more for Isie to do but to have a baby, and go off on a cruise, and that is really all. The lack of narrative apart—and Sir Quiller Couch remarked recently that few of our novelists take the trouble to tell a story or concoct a plot—there is some very good descriptive writing, and the Guatemala setting is vividly presented. Miss Macaulay could have given us a fine travel book, instead she has forced a novel out of herself which the few shafts of her caustic wit cannot enliven.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE PAST: Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, whose "Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" are reviewed by Mr. Roberts in the accompanying article. Sherston is as enthralling and as important as he was in the "Memoirs of a Fox Hunting Man"

Mr. Carl Van Vechten made a considerable stir with his studies in ultra-sophistication. In his *Parties* (Knopf. 7s. 6d.) we return to the same genre. But nowadays we are too accustomed to ill-bred people ever to feel shocked. This history of swearing, drunken, fornicating half-breeds, grouped around a preposterous fat old German countess is both silly and tedious. It was once original to use no inverted commas and to write dialogue in which it is impossible to decipher which character is talking. That one could forgive Mr. Van Vechten. What is quite unforgivable in this ill-written, disorderly study of half-wits, is his old-fashioned clinging to the theme of Prohibition. His characters swear, live naked in their rooms, and violate every decency and indecency that their creator can conceive and yet fail to interest us. That is the unpardonable sin. His characters are deadly bores.

Mr. Alaric Jacob has written a novel, *Seventeen* (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) of public school life. We are unnecessarily told he wrote it at the age of seventeen. Its boys talk as no boys ever talked on land or sea. After pages of form-room chatter, I felt certain that, sooner or later, I should come upon two delinquents guilty of the pastime which, according to public school novelists, is the chief export and exporting factor of those noble institutions for the impression of vice. Sure enough, they came later, on page 269 to be precise. The author was seventeen when he wrote this book, though it bears signs of modernizing journalistic touches, and that is my best hope for Mr. Jacob. One day I have a feeling he will write a good book, and vainly wish to burn this.

It is good to turn to Mr. George Blake's *The Seas Between* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.). True, he almost wrecks his story and breaks our patience with the incredible stupidity of Tony, his hero, but this apart, there is a good story well told in this history of a boy who inherited a drunken father married to a negress stepmother with a coloured daughter. The reactions of a sensitive boy, burdened by an inheritance of this nature is excellently portrayed. Mr. Blake has no tricks, and has learned the job of writing too well to let down his reader with scamped work. He knows that style is the avoidance of style, which Mr. Pierre Loving has yet to learn. His *The Cat of Heaven* (Toulmin. 7s. 6d.), based on the life of Baudelaire, is the work of a man in love with words and not with expression. When I find that "his mouth, cruelly misdrawn in anger, relaxed into a beautiful slow recoil," I, like his hero, Charles, relaxed, and with him "could exhume no adequate words from all the dead litter of used words."

I am a bad sailor and the ascent of a gangway makes me sea-sick. So my real sea pleasure is confined to books, in which I can feel thoroughly nautical without being doubled over a taffrail. Here is the story of a modern swashbuckler and rover, Captain Jack Randall, who has courage if no fine sense. After various semi-heroic adventures he went rum-running, and got shot to pieces on the *I'm Alone* by an American cutter only too ready to blow the British off the High Seas. The result has been an unpleasant international incident. It is a pity Captain Randall should be so brave a fellow in so bad a case. He has a thrilling narrative in *I'm Alone* (Cape. 10s. 6d.), but one feels it was wasted heroism.

The story of a true shipwreck is told by Mr. J. G. Lockhart in *Blenden Hall* (Allan. 10s. 6d.). We learn what human nature is really like when people are planted on a desert island. It is depressing to find that the lowest characteristics seem to emerge in such circumstances. In *Bligh of the Bounty*, by Geoffrey Rawson (Allan. 10s. 6d.), we meet a man of really exceptional character. His violence seems to have brought most of his troubles upon him, and his ungovernable temper carried his career to shipwreck in both senses, but he remains a figure of engrossing interest.

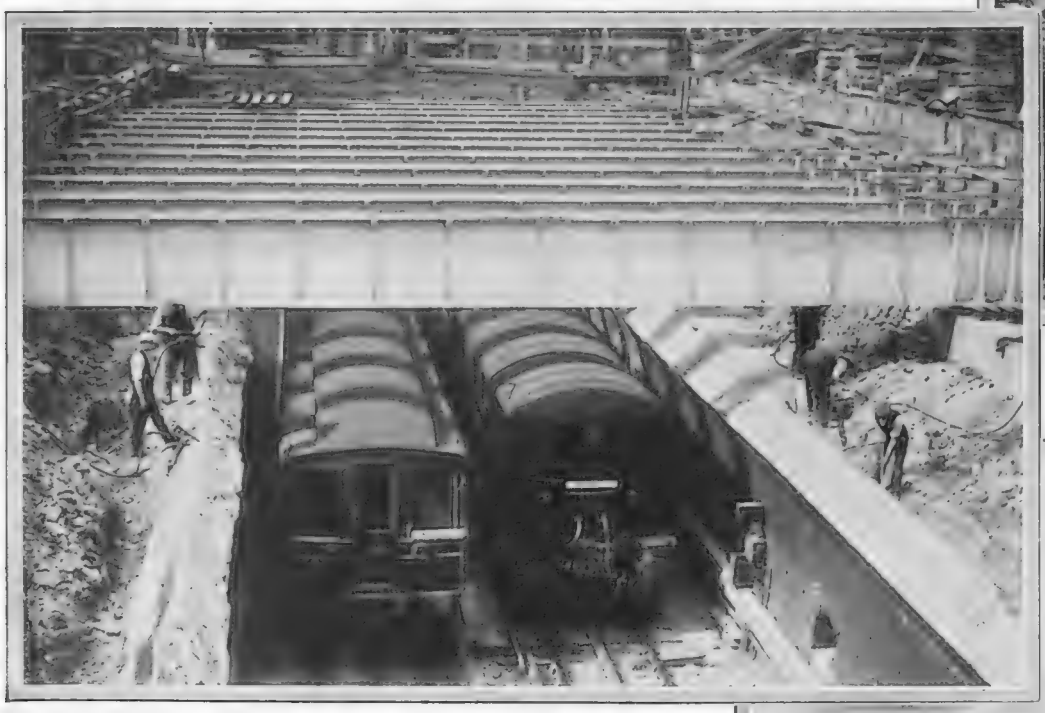
# MOMENTS *in the* METROPOLIS

*The Round of the Empire's Capital*

*A GLORY OF THE NEW MILLBANK: The shining white edifice of the I.C.I. building is perhaps the most striking addition to London's river-front for a century. It is embellished with this striking piece of sculpture by Mr. C. S. Jagger, the famous artist in stone*

*A STREET OF COCOA BEANS: The result of a serious fire in which three warehouses were involved at Metropolitan Wharf, Wapping, was a godsend to the children of the district*

*CIRCLING THE SQUARE: The Chelsea War Memorial, Sloane Square, is, like Eros, being removed —the first London war memorial to be so treated. Sloane Square may soon become Sloane Circus*



*THE UNDERGROUND REVEALED: While electric trains are rushing along the lines below the surface, workmen are removing portions of the tunnel at Euston Square Station, which is being generally enlarged and its platforms being lengthened owing to increased traffic*

*A LANDMARK TO GO: The old Brunswick Hotel, Blackwall, where the famous annual Cabinet "whitebait dinners" used to be held, is being demolished by the Port of London Authority*

The old Brunswick Hotel, Blackwall, one of the most famous landmarks of the Port of London, is to be demolished by the Port of London Authority, and in a few weeks' time will be a nautical reminiscence. Built in the early years of the nineteenth century, it was famous as the rendezvous of the passengers and officers of departing East Indiamen, and later of the Cabinet for their annual "whitebait dinner" before this was held at Greenwich. Its enormous bay-windows commanded a magnificent view of the busy Bugsby's and Blackwall Reaches, and an Astronomer-Royal had added his personal quota to its attractions by having cut into its eastern window the accurate meridian of Greenwich. Even the Duke of Clarence, later William IV, is said to have preferred its less formal society to that of the Court, and the poet Peacock has sung of its famous dishes "dressed many ways, of sea and river fish," of its quails and venison and wines from "Champagne, Madeira's island, and the rocks of Rhine." By the 'sixties its romantic lure had departed, and fashionable diners were replaced by hungry emigrants awaiting passages to Australia.

COOL IN THE HEAT-WAVE, WARM IN THE COLD SNAP: The swimming pool in the Hon. Henry Mond's new house in Melchett Park. An even temperature is maintained all the year round so that guests can always enjoy a plunge after tennis, golf, shooting, hunting—or dancing. One gets the refreshment of cool water on a hot day and a revivifying glow on a cold one. Fantastic Lidoesque animals of the "Gee Whizziker" type add to the amusement of the pool

BERLIN'S NEW MUNICIPAL SWIMMING-BATH: This glorious pool in Schöneberg is 41 metres long, 18 metres wide, and 10 metres high. It is extensively lighted with windows

# *The* PRIVATE *Swimming* POOL

## Society's Latest Fad At Home and Abroad

THE INAUGURATION OF PRAGUE'S SWIMMING "STADIUM": The first race in the swimming-bath situated near the River Vltava (Moldau) in the shadow of huge and rocky mountains. The opening was an International affair, as may be seen by the various flags

*THE PHŒNIX THEATRE: Situated in Charing Cross Road; it is the product of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, Messrs. Berty Crewe, & Cecil Masey. It is decorated in the style of the Italian Renaissance by M. Komisarjevski. The air is "washed" by a special process*

# SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

By HENRY SHEREK

Last week I commented upon the big attempt made by the theatres to win back the great number of the public who had been worshipping false gods. New productions of all shapes and sizes continue in great profusion, but unfortunately their degree of excellence is anything but uniform.

We started with a most depressing musical-comedy called *Open Your Eyes* at the Piccadilly Theatre. The management should have employed an attendant to shout the title into the ears of four prominent critics whom I noticed asleep at the same time during the first night. Luckily, I had taken the precaution of imbibing huge quantities of very black coffee before going to the theatre as I had received warning of what to expect.

The many faults of the play are mainly due to all-round incompetency, excepting for most of the members of the cast. Neither book nor music justify the show ever being produced.

It first saw the light of night some months ago when it died a premature death in the provinces. It was recently resuscitated and optimistically launched upon the unsuspecting provincial public, where, owing to its strictly moderate success, the management felt it good enough for London. An evening of pure boredom for those of us whose duty takes them to first-nights, and, I am afraid, a big financial loss for the backers was and will be the only results of this optimism.

It was not pleasant to see an all-round good cast struggling manfully facing fearful odds.

I hope that none of the older members of the *I Zingari* will faint when they see a young man appear wearing the colours of that illustrious club on a *double-breasted* blazer.

All musical London attended the Palace Theatre to see Franz Lehar's *Frederica*, and if they went to hear good music and singing their desires were more than satisfied.

When I saw the operette in Berlin I was so shaken by Richard Tauber's magnificent singing that I was conscious of very little else, but at the Palace I was supremely conscious of a great Viennese artiste who was making her first appearance in our fair city. I refer, of course, to Miss Lea Seidl.

A tall and beautiful blonde, she acted sincerely and sang delightfully. Her voice, although not a big one, was of fine *timbre*, and in the second act she reached great heights of dramatic force. Although, when she spoke, she had a marked accent, she was quite easy to understand. Curiously enough, when she sang her accent was hardly noticeable.

Joseph Hislop played the part of the youthful Goethe, and although he hardly looked like a young student, made up for it by a fine singing performance.

I wish that Miss Seidl would have given the rest of the members of the company a little instruction on how to pronounce the name Goethe, as every variety of pronunciation is used except the correct one, excepting, of course, from Miss Seidl herself.

He gave the big number of the show, *Oh Mädchen, mein Mädchen*, ridiculously translated into *Oh Maiden, my Maiden*, with great zest and tremendous top notes, which effectively threw the gallery into tumults of excitement, but his middle register was not all it should have been. This was probably due to nervousness.

The story is the old one of a woman giving up her lover so that he can go and win fame and fortune unfettered by matrimonial entanglements. I did not quite understand why getting married necessarily meant that the world would have lost a great poet, but it served as a peg upon which to hang some really fine music. The scoring of the many pretty obligatos was of Mozartian piquancy and a fine orchestra gave them their full value.

Excepting for the two main characters who dominate the action, there is not much for the rest of the cast to do, but I must pay a special tribute to Mr. William Kendall. I have seen this young actor in various musical comedies and revues in which he was used as a sort of general handyman, but he has a small part in *Frederica* which he distinguishes by sheer sincerity and excellent diction.

I hope that there are enough lovers of music in England to give this play the long run it deserves in spite of the almost entire absence of comedy.

There is going to be a decided revival in musical plays of Central European origin this season, and I, personally, find them a pleasant change from the noisy exhibitions from across the Atlantic which have recently enjoyed a practical monopoly of our lighter lyrical stage.

An importation from America of an entirely different nature is that of last year's winner of the Pulitzer Prize, which is given to the best play of the year.

When I saw *Street Scene* in New York I thought it was a perfect example of the dramatist's art. I was, however, in two minds as to whether it would be a success in London, as I could not see how it could be effectively played unless the cast were shipped in their entirety to England.

Some of the principals have been imported for the production at the Globe Theatre, but the fact that quite a number of the American rôles, however small, are played by English actors in some way dissipates the atmosphere which is an essential part of the play.

The fine situations are not given their full value because of an indefinable lack of *slickness* when it is most necessary. Whilst the action is static no fault can be found, but as soon as the action becomes dynamic the perfection ceases.

*Peter North*

*ELIZABETH BARRETT: Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, who creates the role of Browning's wife in the play destined to be seen in London after its successful Malvern production. During the Malvern Festival Miss Ffrangcon-Davies also played in the Shavian masterpieces "Getting Married" and "The Admirable Bashville"*

The entire play takes place in front of a tenement-building in a poor quarter of New York City, in which families of various nationalities are housed and spend their time gossiping about, and squabbling with, each other.

The daughter of an Irish family falls in love with a young Jew (a favourite theme with American authors). Her mother is discovered in the arms of a lover by her father, and both are shot. The father escapes but is later captured, and whilst being led away by the police, is confronted by his daughter. This is one of the most effective pieces of stage-realism I have ever seen. There is no happy ending, and the curtain falls on the life of the tenement-house continuing as if nothing had happened.

The whole play is extremely sordid, and as the problem of the different nationalities and their feuds is not so near to us as to the population of New York, I cannot prophesy a long run, although the play is one of the best that has ever been written.

The American actors and actresses gave most distinguished performances. Miss Erin O'Brien-Moore is more than excellent. She compares favourably with the greatest tragediennes of the past, and the few great dramatic actresses we have with us at the present. In everything she does she shows great attention to detail, and I could write volumes about the quality of her voice. Both Mary Servoss and David Landau as her mother and father, played perfectly the parts they originated in New York.

Amongst the English members of the cast the splendid performance of Mr. Stanley Velven as a jolly Italian, who appears to be the only one living in the tenement-building with any human feelings at all is much to be commended, although I did wish he would have pronounced *Sorrento* correctly.

The part of the young Jew as played in New York was a very fine performance indeed, and the weakness of Leonard Sachs in this part in London did much to nullify some of the most dramatic situations.

I also felt that the street noises were not loud enough to be heard. They are very important to uphold the illusion that it is an actual street in which this story of primitive passions is unfolded.

Drama of the real old-fashioned school is being given at the Coliseum by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry in a sketch of the French Revolution entitled *Interlude of War*.

It is good, honest, melodramatic material, which should immensely please the type of audience which patronizes the Coliseum, and Miss Nielson Terry more than justifies the distinguished names she bears by exacting every ounce she can from her part.

LONDON'S LATEST THEATRES

**THE CAMBRIDGE:** Seven Dials, gracefully modern, presenting Charlot's "Masquerade," with Miss Beatrice Lillie and M. Anton Dolin.

**THE DOMINION:** Tottenham Court Road, now devoted, for the moment, to the Talkies.

**THE DUCHESS:** Catherine Street—now closed.

**THE PHOENIX:** Charing Cross Road, to open with a Noel Coward production this month.

**THE PRINCE EDWARD:** Old Compton Street and Greek Street. Following "Rio Rita" with "Sexton Blake," starring Arthur Wontner.

**THE WHITEHALL:** On the site of The Old Ship Inn, Whitehall, whither "The Way to Treat a Woman," starring Miss Marion Lorne, is transferring at the end of the month.

# PLAYS and PLAYERS

THE TRIAL OF AN HEROIC AND PATRIOTIC "VILLAIN": Sir John Martin Harvey in the revival of *The Devil's Disciple* at the Savoy. After portraying Sydney Carton for so long, it must be quite a change for the distinguished actor-manager to exchange the guillotine of Dickens for the gallows of Bernard Shaw, and to be reprieved at the last moment instead of paying the full price of his heroism. This play is notable for the brilliant characterization of General Burgoyne

STILL ON THE SCAFFOLD: Sir John Martin Harvey, who has revived Shaw's *Devil's Disciple* at the Savoy

THE UNDERSTUDIES WIN: Mr. Jack Livesey stepped into the winged shoes of Mr. Dennis King, and Miss Constance Edwards into the dresses of Miss Marie Ney, in *The Three Musketeers* at Drury Lane

STILL A "FAR, FAR BETTER THING": Sir John Martin Harvey about to be executed in *The Devil's Disciple*—a fate from which he is rescued at the last moment in conformity with the canons of melodrama

*Pictures by the special* SPHERE *process*

THE WICKED UNCLE AND THE LITTLE PRINCES: Mr. Baliol Holloway in his spirited representation of Richard Crookback terrifies the Prince of Wales (Roger Foster) and the Duke of York (Harold Reese) at the gates of the Tower of London. For a Shakespearean production in the old manner, yet evading the rant of rhetoric, this production at the New Theatre stands high

WHEN THE DEVIL SPEAKS SOFT: Mr. Baliol Holloway, as Richard III, professes concern that Clarence (Mr. Norman Partridge) should be sent to the Tower by their brother, King Edward IV. As Richard has engineered this incarceration (a fact of which the audience is well aware) the tender sympathy with which Mr. Holloway invests the scene has a double dramatic value. This recruit from the Old Vic to the West End puts to inglorious shame the many underplayed performances that have of late disfigured the metropolitan stage

# WOMAN— *Wonderful* WOMAN

***Constellations and Planets in a Feminine Firmament***

## SISTERS on HOLIDAY:

*Signorina Argia and Signorina Giulietta Cosulich, the daughters of the distinguished Italian shipping magnate, head of the great steamship line which bears his name, are at the Lido*

## CONNING the STARS:

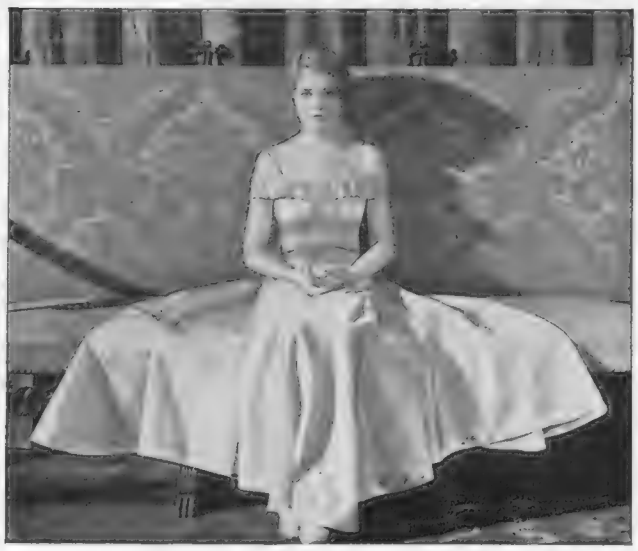
*Miss Violet White, who, at the age of 23, has been appointed research assistant of the Imperial College of Technology*

## A THEATRE of DEAD TONGUES:

*Mlle Lannée, who is inaugurating a theatre in Paris to specialize in presenting classical drama in the language of its origin*

## THE PRINCESS of HOLLAND:

*Princess Juliana, reported as engaged to Prince Wilhelm Ernst von Erbach Schoenberg*



## A MODERN CRINOLINE:

*A striking fashion in stiff peach taffeta worn by Miss Catherine Moyland, the distinguished film star. The collar is heavily embroidered; the shoulder-straps jewelled; and the skirt circular*

## AN AIRSHIP CAPTAIN:

*Frau Sophie Thoma, the first woman in Germany to receive a licence as captain of an airship as distinct from an aeroplane*

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

# ARRANGE *your* FURNITURE

## The Art of Presenting it to the Best Advantage

By DEREK PATMORE

Many of us ruin our rooms by overcrowding them with furniture. It is such a temptation to litter up our sitting-rooms with all our favourite treasures—old pieces of china and glass, small occasional tables, and the endless bric-à-brac one accumulates during one's life. However, if we want our rooms to be tastefully and attractively furnished we must be ruthless about what furniture we use. It is no use being sentimental about our possessions. I know of one young married couple whose flat was completely spoilt because they could not bear to part with an old suite of furniture that had once belonged to one of their great-grandparents. This furniture had been made originally for a large eighteenth-century house, and was so large and bulky that it had to be squeezed into the flat, and then it barely left enough space in the rooms for one to walk on. And beware of those charming mother-in-laws who pass on "white elephants" which they do not want themselves as family heirlooms.

The first rule to bear in mind when you are arranging the furniture in your home is to use only the pieces of furniture that are really necessary in each room. It is better to have too little furniture in your rooms than too much.

The centre illustration on this page is an excellent example of the success of elimination. The room is almost severe in its simplicity. There is no superfluous decoration or ornamentation, yet withal the room gives the appearance of comfort and rest. The main lighting of the room is supplied by the lamp which stands on top of the wardrobe, which, with the bed constitutes the chief point of interest in the room. The bed is flanked by small book-cases, and at the head is a shelf for either books or ornaments.

For those of you who do not possess antique furniture modern built-in furniture will prove a simple solution to many of the problems of furniture arrangement. For rooms that have awkward walls and corners built-in furniture is invaluable, as it can be made to any size you wish.

Built-in furniture is particularly suitable for a bedroom, for by this means the windows in the room can be utilized and turned into a very effective and practical dressing-table, with drawers underneath. This arrangement of furniture was recently carried out in a simple modern bedroom with great success. The room had walls and ceiling washed a clean white, and the large bay-window had been turned into a double dressing-table for husband and wife.

Drawers and cupboards for boots and shoes had been built-in under the windows up to the level of the window-sills and painted white, the handles on the drawers being made square and painted black. The top of the drawers had been covered with plain black linoleum and finished off with a thin strip of burnished aluminium. This top made an excellent dressing-table, and on each side of the windows a strip of mirror had been fixed to the wall and lit by tubular lighting at the top. The small angles formed by the bay-windows were filled with small triangular shelves which were used for bottles and cosmetics; in this way every available bit of space had been used in the room. Moreover this treatment of the windows cost very little as ordinary ply-wood was used.

*On left*—
This clever treatment of a bay-window converted into a double dressing-table in a bedroom was designed by J. Duncan Miller

A modern bedroom designed by A. Decaux and R. Maons in Paris shows an excellent furniture arrangement. An attractive lamp is placed on the top of the cupboard



*On right*—
A decorative as well as practical wall arrangement is a built-in book-case taking in nearly the whole of one wall. Designed by J. Duncan Miller

In a living-room, I would advocate built-in book-cases in preference to the more old-fashioned kind of bookcase which was always inclined to take up a great deal of unnecessary space in a room. A wall covered with a built-in bookcase, made in natural unvarnished oak or mahogany, can be made to look very decorative, as well as being convenient. When building-in your bookcase you should try and make a simple decorative design out of the arrangement of the shelves. This design can be obtained by building-in small cupboards and openings for pieces of glass and china in between the rows of book-shelves. Low, narrow shelves should also be made at the bottom of the bookcase, as these are invaluable for such things as magazines and gramophone records.

Modern lighting has liberated us from the limitations of the old-fashioned electric and gas-light fittings. For by indirect lighting one can obtain very unusual and beautiful effects by using the silhouette. For example, a collection of old glass or china will look lovely if it is arranged on glass shelves against a false window of white opaque glass lit from behind.

These false windows of glass are quite easy to fit into a sitting-room or dining-room, for they can easily be fitted into any alcove or recess in the wall by your local electrician, and sheets of opaque glass are inexpensive to buy. And you will find that china and glass placed against such a background will be enhanced in beauty, as the light thrown behind them will bring out all the colours and textures in the ornaments which will not show up in ordinary daylight.

Finally, special attention should be paid as to what colours and fabrics you use with your furniture. The design and carving on old chairs will show to much greater advantage if you cover their seats with a light-toned fabric instead of a dark material. And light-coloured walls should be used as a background for antique furniture. It is an interesting point that the drawing-rooms and dining-rooms of eighteenth-century houses, for which so much of our antique furniture was designed and made, usually had walls painted a dead white or cream, so our ancestors undoubtedly found this treatment of the walls the best and most effective background for their beautiful and treasured furniture. We, to-day, could not follow a better example.

# CAN *you* READ *your* SILVER?

A Fascinating Hobby Described by M. SHERRIFF MOTT

Learning to read silver is a fascinating occupation; so fascinating, indeed, that it generally develops into a hobby.

Everybody has an elementary knowledge of the rudiments of silver reading, because everybody knows enough at any rate to look for the lion. And that is quite a sound principle as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It is, however, the first letter of the first word in the intriguing book of silver reading.

The hall-mark is a guarantee, to all whom it may concern, that the gold or silver on which it appears is what it is represented to be. It shows the result of the assay or test made at the Assay Offices in the various towns in which they have been set up for that purpose. It is obviously impossible to deal here with these in detail as they all have different marks. As, however, it has been calculated that a large proportion of the silver-ware in England is, and always has been, assayed at Goldsmiths' Hall, and as the London hall-mark is by far the most important, we shall have to confine our attention to that.

Details of the hall-marks of an engraved tablespoon—London, 1784. Reading from left to right the marks consist, maker's name (I.D.), date mark (1784), standard mark (lion), and the leopard's head crowned, which distinguishes it from similar date letter 1824, when the leopard's head was not crowned

It is interesting to note that the right of assay was granted first to the Goldsmiths' Company in the year 1300, by Edward I. The assaying and marking of plate is done before the article is in its finished state.

Let us, then, consider the units that go to make up the familiar hall mark, in the order in which they were adopted.

First: The leopard's head—which used sometimes to be known as the Cattes Face. This was the earliest mark of all, being first mentioned in 1300.

Next: The maker's mark. The use of this was enforced in 1363, although it was probably used before that time. Originally some form of symbol was employed, such as a grasshopper, a fish, a star, or a rose. Later the worker's initials took the place of this.

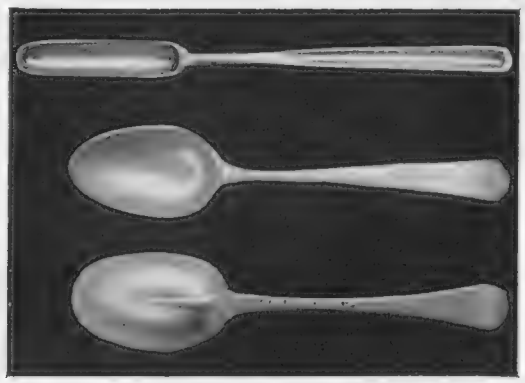
Third: The date mark. This very important detail was introduced in 1478, and since then a date letter has been regularly used. This is always a letter of the alphabet, and for each alphabet (from which J, W, X, Y, and Z are always omitted) a distinctive lettering is employed—such as Lombardic Capitals, Roman Capitals, Black Letter Small, Small Italics, etc. Each letter is used for a year before it is changed, so that an alphabet covers a period of twenty years. Handbooks can be obtained which give complete lists of the assay letters and their dates, and the use of such a book is absolutely essential for correct silver reading.

A marrow spoon—London 1809. Picture shows detail of hall-mark which consists of (reading from the base upwards) the Sovereign's head mark (George III) date mark, leopard's head, lion, or standard mark, and maker's mark (S.H.)

Fourth: The standard mark. This is our friend the *lion passant*, which has been used on all sterling silver from 1545 until the present day, except between the years 1696 and 1720. In 1697 the standard of silver was raised, and the mark was changed. It then took the form of a lion's head erased (i.e. the head cut off at the shoulders) and the figure of Britannia. Silver thus marked is known as Britannia Plate, and is rare and valuable. In 1720, however, the old standard was again permitted and the former marks reappeared.

Fifth: The sovereign's head. In 1784 a tax, known as the War Tax, was levied on gold and silver, and the head of the reigning sovereign was stamped on pieces as a sort of receipt or indication that the tax had been paid. As the silver duty was abolished in 1890, the sovereign's head will not be found on pieces made after that date.

The picture shows a modern silver tea-set. Details of the hall-marks are shown below to the left



Three spoons. The lower being a rat-tail spoon, the centre an engraved tablespoon, and the upper one a marrow spoon. Details of the hall-marks are illustrated elsewhere on this page

And finally, there is the foreign mark which may come along for recognition. This was compulsory after 1876 on all silver and gold sent to England to be stamped. The variations are too many to be given here, and it must suffice to say that from 1876 until 1904 the mark was the letter F in an oval escutcheon.

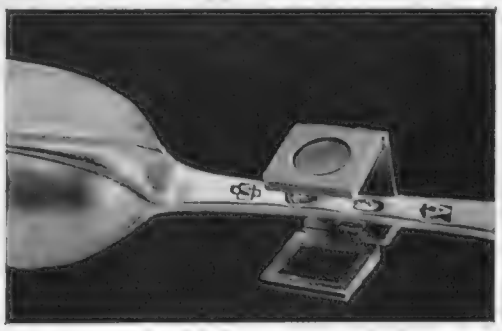
Interesting details of some of these hall-marks are illustrated on this page, including a modern example—Sheffield, 1906.

Immediately below is shown a "close-up" of a rat-tail tablespoon, a rare and valuable example, being what is known as Britannia Plate (London, 1716). Rat-tail spoons dating from 1650 were the first spoons to be made in two parts. The rat-tail was a continuation of the handle, tapering off and soldered on to the bowl, which was made separately.

The heraldic quality of the "hall-mark" will be noticed. The familiar lion is that which is emblazoned on the Royal Standard in the first and fourth quarters (England and Wales). Technically it is a *lion passant-guardant*, i.e. walking along with its face turned outward from the shield to face the beholder. The lion's head *erased* literally means torn off so that the jagged edges are shown. The clean-cut is blazoned as *couped*. The *escutcheon* on which the foreign F is stamped is also an heraldic device.

In conclusion—a strong magnifying glass is essential for the adequate examination of marks; and a handbook is equally essential to ensure accuracy.

The hall-marks of the modern silver tea-set. The first is the maker's mark followed by the crown, standard and date mark. Sheffield, 1906



A close-up of a rat-tail spoon showing the rare standard mark of Britannia Plate and the lion's head erased. The other marks are the maker's mark and the date

## The CARE of modern FLOORS

By MARIE WELCH-DAVIES

There are so many different floor finishes in these days that it becomes necessary to know just how each type should be treated and kept in order, as unfortunately the method of cleaning that is right for one kind of floor may be quite wrong for another. The following will help the housewife who is in any doubt as to the way to clean her floors.

If wax-finished, the floor should first be well dusted with a mop or soft broom before any polish is applied, as otherwise the dust will adhere to the polish and make the surface sticky. After this a little liquid or paste wax should be rubbed into the floor evenly and thoroughly. Plenty of time should then be allowed for the wax to dry before any polishing is attempted. When it is dry the surface should be polished hard with a mechanical or weighted polisher. This vigorous polishing makes the surface hard so that it will not scratch easily. When the polish begins to wear off a fresh coating should be given, taking care that not too much wax is used.

Modern linoleums are so well finished that for "occasional" rooms they can be wax-polished in the same way as wood floors. In the nursery or kitchen, however, it is necessary to wash the floor once or twice a week. This should be done with a self-wringing mop using as little soapy water as possible and rinsing and drying each portion as it is finished. Linoleum should never be allowed to get really wet as it is liable to crack. After washing a little paste-wax should be applied to the floor but the polishing should be restrained as a highly polished floor would be dangerous.

Cork floors need an occasional washing with lukewarm soapy water, and when dry should be treated with wax and polished vigorously to render the surface dust-proof.

Cement and composition floors should first be scrubbed with a special "oil" soap which can be obtained from an oil-shop, and afterwards wax-polished so that the pores are filled up and dirt cannot therefore penetrate beneath the surface.

In the case of a tiled floor "oil" soap is good for a preliminary cleaning, or soft soap can be used. It is not necessary to wash tiles very often, unless they are in a position that causes them to become dirty every day. Very hot water should be used for washing and a mop or long-handled scrubbing bush. The secret of successful cleaning, however, lies in thorough rinsing with clean hot water and not allowing a trace of soap to remain. Tiles should be dried immediately after rinsing and not left wet otherwise they will be smeary.

When they are dry a little paste-wax should be rubbed in and left to dry before the floor is polished.

The ideal cleaning method for carpets and rugs is undoubtedly by means of a vacuum cleaner. No other method can remove the imbedded dust and grit so thoroughly and with such little friction and wear to the pile. A reliable vacuum cleaner will keep the carpets in such good condition that they will last longer and look fresher than would be the case if a less thorough and scientific way of cleaning were employed.

## The WORLD of WOMEN—(cont.)

# A MODERN FLAT *in an* OLD HOUSE

## An Old-fashioned Residence may be Brought Completely Up to Date by a Few Structural Alterations and the Use of Modern Methods of Decoration

In the dining-room, two recesses that were formerly cupboards are now used for radiators and screened with wrought-iron work. Mirrored niches above are a special feature of this room

The inset shows a close-up of the very attractive dressing-table in the principal bedroom of the flat, and above is shown the dressing-table with its immediate surroundings

A broad archway made in the wall throws the dining-room and lounge into one. Doors of wrought-iron and engraved glass add a charming decorative note and give an impression of seclusion

A view of the modern mantelpiece which is carried out in rose aurora marble

In the bathroom walls are of rose aurora marble, and the alcove containing the bath is in rose and pink mosaic. Above the bath itself is a gilt and engraved mirror

This modern flat which has been installed in an old house near Hyde Park Corner shows what can be done to modernize existing rooms. With one or two major structural alterations and a number of comparatively simple modifications, a complete transformation has been effected.

One of the most difficult and costly features to transform is frequently an old fire-place. In the flat illustrated the original surrounds and mantelpieces were removed and modern mantels in rose aurora marble were substituted. A less costly alternative when expense has to be considered would be to conceal the existing fitment behind a plain, modern mantelpiece, and surround in walnut or limed oak plywood.

Plywood can also be employed to enclose the mouldings of the ceiling, so that the plain straight lines and angles necessitated by the modern style are obtained.

Sometimes, as here, old cupboards may be adapted as recesses for the radiators, which should be screened with wrought-iron work, or if cupboards are not available, part of the wall may be removed and the radiator fitment may be built out slightly.

Another very sound idea is for two rooms to be thrown into one by removing either the whole or part of the dividing wall. Necessity decrees that modern flats must frequently be of modest dimensions, and this throwing of two rooms into one gives greater freedom of movement. In the flat illustrated a broad archway was made in the wall between the dining-room and the lounge-study. Doors of wrought-iron and engraved glass give the necessary impression of seclusion.

One of the most charming interiors in the flat is the bathroom. This is really one of the biggest and most skilful achievements of the decorator. It adjoins the principal bedroom, and the walls and floor are entirely in rose aurora marble. The alcove which contains the bath is in rose and pink mosaic, and above the bath itself is a gilt and engraved mirror. A strip light runs at the base of this mirror, and modern lighting fitments are in each of the four corners of the room.

B. B.

## The WORLD of WOMEN (continued)

# The SPHERE of TRAVEL

## TABLOID TOURS

*Suggestions for the Motorist's Week-end*

### LEAFY WARWICK

Comparatively little known by the south-country motorist, Warwickshire is one of our most lovely counties, while the roads, on the whole, are excellent. It is, too, full of historical interest. Warwick, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, and Coventry have many associations with the long-distant past. Its scenery is very diversified. In some parts it retains remnants of the old forest of Arden, and nearly everywhere it is well-wooded. From its luxurious hedgerows and trees it has acquired the name of "Leafy Warwickshire."

*SHAKESPEARE'S TOWN: Stratford-on-Avon's church containing the doggerel-covered tomb of the Master Bard*

The following is a good itinerary: London to Edgware, 8½ miles; Watford, 6½; Berkhamstead, 11¼; Tring, 5¼; Aylesbury, 7; Bicester, 16¾; Banbury, 15; Gayden, 10¾; Warwick, 9; Leamington, 2¼; Southam, 7; Daventry, 10½; Weedon, 4½; Towcester, 7¾; Stony Stratford, 8; Fenny Stratford, 7¼; Hockcliffe, 7½: Dunstable, 4; St. Albans, 12¾; Barnet, 9½; London, 11¾. Total, 182½ miles.

*SACRED TO SIMON DE MONTFORT: Evesham, an old-world village with overhanging upper-storey*

Warwickshire is particularly rich in fortified castles and moated houses. The castle at Warwick is one of the most perfect fourteenth century fortifications in existence. Kenilworth, five miles away, is in ruins, but it is a wonderful building none the less, with its Norman tower and banqueting hall. Tamworth Castle, with its ivy-clad tower, is very fine, while traces of Norman castles may be seen at Ansley, Rugby, Hartshill, Fillongley, and Beaudesert.

*THE CATHEDRAL OF THE FENS: The famous Octagon and West Tower of Ely Cathedral*

### EAST ANGLIA

East Anglia is not appreciated by motorists nearly as much as it deserves to be. It is not, of course, a particularly beautiful part of the country, but the roads are good and the air bracing, while it possesses more than its share of attractive villages and hamlets. Historical associations abound everywhere.

The following is the suggested itinerary, with London as a starting point: London to Chingford, 10¼ miles; Waltham Cross, 4; Ware, 9¼; Buntingford, 10½; Royston, 6¾; Cambridge, 13½; Newmarket, 13¼; Bury St. Edmund, 14¼; Thetford, 12; Wymondham, 20; Norwich, 9; Caister, 20; Yarmouth, 3; Lowestoft, 10½; Blythborough, 13¾; Saxmundham, 9½; Woodbridge, 12½; Ipswich, 8; Colchester, 17¾; Braintree, 15½; Dunmow, 8½; Ongar, 14; Chigwell, 10; London, 11½. Total, 277 miles.

The chief interest of the run begins at Royston, which is an interesting old market town, situated at the junction of two great Roman roads—the Icknield Way and Ermine Street. Apart from its church, which was built in the thirteenth century, its most interesting feature is the famous Cave. It is hewn out of the solid rock, and is about 25 ft. high and 17 ft. in diameter. It contains many curious figures of kings, queens, and saints of varying sizes.

A very pleasant run follows to Cambridge, passing through many attractive villages.

Bury St. Edmund is a charming old-world town, with a wonderful history and many relics of days long past. Thetford, partly in Norfolk and partly in Suffolk, is one of the most interesting towns in East Anglia.

Wymondham, with its double-towered church, Norwich, with its cathedral, and the seaside towns of Yarmouth and Lowestoft all possess their special charms. Ipswich, a busy market town, closely associated with the immortal Mr. Pickwick, and Colchester, an old Roman city, with many Roman remains and a Norman castle, are well worthy of attention.

*SPANNING THE AVON: One of the bridges of Pershore, whose abbey church is founded on that of a monastery dating back to 689 A.D.*

The village of Meriden, six miles from Coventry, on the Birmingham road, is interesting as being the very centre of England. There is a lake there from which the water flows in two directions, one stream going westwards and forming the Severn, the other going eastward and forming the Trent.

### THE NEW FOREST

Covering an area of nearly 100,000 acres the New Forest is the happy hunting-ground of the botanist, artist, and entomologist. The roads throughout are excellent and the scenery very lovely, while there are to be found insects, birds, and flowers which exist nowhere else in Great Britain. It possesses its own breed of ponies, pigs, and deer.

*ROMSEY ABBEY: The great glory of a town which was originally an island* (ey, *as in* eyot)

The following is the suggested itinerary: London to Staines, 16¼ miles; Bagshot, 9¾; Hartley Row, 10¼; Basingstoke, 9½; Winchester, 16¾; Romsey, 10¾; Cadnam, 6½; Ringwood, 11; Wimborne, 9¾; Bournemouth, 9¾; Lymington, 16; Lyndhurst, 8½; Southampton, 9½; Otterbourne, 8½; Winchester, 4½; Alton, 17½; Farnham, 9¼; Guildford, 10; London, 19¾. Total, 223¾ miles.

From Romsey—where there is a wonderful abbey, founded by Edward the Elder about 907, and rebuilt during the twelfth century—to Ringwood the road passes through some superb forest scenery and along splendid roads. Many interesting places are passed, including Castle Malwood, the home of the Harcourts, from the grounds of which there is a very fine view over Southampton Water. A quarter of a mile away there is a track leading down to the Rufus Stone, the spot where William II was killed, and whence his body was carried in a charcoal-burner's cart to Winchester, where it is buried.

*BEAUTY IN AN ANCIENT TOWN: A vista on the River Wey near Guildford, in the heart of Surrey*

Ringwood is beautifully situated on the western extremity of the forest. Wimborne, once quite an important town, but now a sleepy little market-place, has one great attraction, a magnificent minster founded by St. Cuthberga in 700. The chained library, clock, and chests are unique.

*REDOLENT OF ALFRED AND WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM: Winchester Cathedral, which was to Saxon England what St. Paul's is to the country to-day*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*But seriously . . .*

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# RADIO for the PEOPLE

## The Fascinating Exhibition at Olympia, which Celebrates the Tenth Birthday of Broadcasting by a Display of the Latest Sets at the Lowest Prices

By GARRY ALLIGHAN

Ten years ago Melba's exquisite voice came through the ether in the strains of "Home Sweet Home" and at that historic moment public broadcasting was born. To celebrate the tenth anniversary of that event the Radio Exhibition at Olympia this month (from the 19th to the 27th) takes on an especially attractive character, demonstrating all the fascinating stages by which radio has made its ten-year growth. Melba was heard in 1920 by about twelve hundred listeners using crude crystal-sets with "cats-whiskers" and ear-phones. To-day more than twelve million listen-in regularly to the best of the world's music, drama, and thought, on portables, all-mains electric sets, and radio gramophones of magnificent construction.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether there is any chapter of contemporary history quite so colourful and adventurous as the romance of radio—a tale of glorious attempt and glamorous achievement. When those few hundred people heard the Melba trill it was never dreamed that within ten years radio would have become as ordinary and as essential a part of the average home life as afternoon tea or Sunday bridge. Lord Brentford, who, as Postmaster-General at the time, had much to do with the arrangements with the first broadcasting company, writing to me the other day said: "I hardly realized then how quickly radio in all its activities would extend."

The same gentleman went on to say that radio has revolutionized modern life. "It has brought the statesman within speaking distance of millions of his fellow-countrymen, and the best music into the humblest home. Yet still there is no limit which science can place upon the improvements that are certain to occur."

Many of those improvements are exhibited at the Celebration Exhibition on its 400 stands. Radio has now passed out of the luxury stage as it has out of the experimental stage. No home is now complete without its radio set, and whereas brides used to expect a piano in their new home they now insist on a wireless set. Radio for the people also means an extension of the hire-purchase system, and now that the manufacturers are favouring a "service after purchase" policy there is every probability that this coming season will be the Great Radio Year.

Despite the general impression that this year's radio offerings would not be revolutionary there are several sensational developments in set construction. These affect, to some extent, the design of cabinets, and the policy is to install sets in such a way as not to clash with existing furnishings.

During the last twelve months great progress has been made in the art of making a wireless set take its place unobstrusively among the rest of the furniture in a room. One set is fixed into a clock, another is built into a section of a woman's workbasket. One goes into the glove drawer of the hall-stand. Another is disguised with dummy books in an ordinary book-shelf.

A kitchen set has been devised with a wireless apparatus in it. It has an enamelled-top table, which can be used for culinary purposes, the wireless set being built in a drawer. There are also green-topped tables with sets affixed.

These are but a few of the many advances that have been made this year. Each of the past ten years has contributed its own developments to the accumulation of progress reflected on those 400 stands. Earl Russell, the Under-Secretary for India, wrote me some days ago telling me how he had watched that ten-year progress with interest, and noted a very significant fact.

"From the scientific point of view," he wrote, "one of the most interesting things is that practice has almost always been ahead of theory. The number of lives at sea that have been saved by wireless communication is not less remarkable than the blessing it has been to isolated dwellers in the country by bringing them in touch with the news of the world and providing them with both recreation and instruction at their fireside."

Theory, as mentioned by Lord Russell, is the contribution of the scientists; practice is the implementation of the scientists' theories by the manufacturers. This fact is referred to by the present Postmaster-General in a special message he has sent, recommending the Exhibition to the public. "Radio manufacturers can claim a good deal of credit for the rapid growth of the broadcasting system," he says, "as it would have been useless for the B.B.C. to produce attractive programmes if the public had not been able to buy efficient receiving apparatus at a reasonable price."

That is exactly what the Celebration Exhibition proves—the facilities for the public to secure sets at very reasonable figures, which will give them the benefits of the scientists' theories as presented in a practical form by B.B.C. programmes. At the Exhibition are portable sets from fifty shillings to fifty guineas. There are seventy-four makes of portables available. In addition, there are the standard battery sets; there are all-mains sets, which can be plugged into the electric light socket as the coffee percolator or vacuum cleaner is plugged in; there are radio-gramophones of magnificent construction which can produce—if need be!—day-long programmes of the best radio or record music.

These facilities are the latest results of ten years' work. This claim is supported by Sir Oliver Lodge in a letter I received from that great scientist last week. He says: "Ten years after the initiation of broadcast talks the appliances available have been greatly improved by a number of workers, and the process seems likely to continue for some time. I hope that the Exhibition now to be held may stimulate activity in this direction and lead to still further advances."

As for the physical aspect of the Exhibition itself, I can speak with enthusiasm. It has been designed by a fellow Irishman—Alec Moody—whose ingenuity has transformed Olympia into a positive fairyland of light and colour.

At a height of 34 ft. above the floor level are batteries of concentrating reflectors, throwing a flood-lighting effect over the whole of the hall and the stands.

Above these reflectors are five huge decorating fittings. A soft golden light is dispersed by this means, giving a mellow effect of gold and flame throughout the hall, with concentrated lights over the exhibits.

There will be no band this year. In its place is B.B.C. and record music from suitably placed speakers to enable the public to dance on the special 50 ft. square floor which has been specially laid in the Empire Hall. Here, again, special lighting effects will be staged.

Radio is the swiftest element known and the radio industry has, appropriately, progressed more swiftly than almost any other.

To this Palace of Miracles at Olympia many thousands of people are coming, not only from all parts of the United Kingdom, but from Canada, the Continent, the U.S.A., and from our Dominions overseas. They are all equally keen on discovering what are the new secrets that radio is releasing from its unclenching hand. Marvellous as many of them are, the greatest gift that radio makes this year is the democratization of wireless entertainment through the process of reduced prices and simplified operation. Radio is now absolutely foolproof and is of such a reasonable price that it becomes the entertainment of the people.

THE LAST WORD IN RADIO LUXURY: Kolster-Brandes' five-valve screened grid receiver, which will bring in almost any station and fill the Albert Hall. In the walnut cabinet it costs 250 guineas

# HIGH-SPOTS of the RADIO EXHIBITION

### *Popular Sets Reviewed by*

### "THE SPHERE" WIRELESS CORRESPONDENT

While it is physically impossible to review all the exhibits displayed on the 400 stands at the Radio Show, reference to some of the more outstanding offerings can be here made. Speaking generally, the Exhibition reveals an all-round lowering in prices together with a simplification in control. This policy should add very considerably to the popularity of radio with the general public. There appears to me no valid reason why the result of this Exhibition should not be the changing of the present total of licence holders to the 5,000,000 mark.

On their stand Messrs. S. G. Brown, Ltd., have made a fine display, and my interest was mainly held by the Grosvenor loud-speaker and the New Moving Coil Models, and also the fact that the Mascot loud-speaker is now fitted with a Duplex Fluted Diaphragm.

This firm's sets have been constructed under the personal supervision of Mr. S. G. Brown and are in every way satisfactory. The Royal loud-speaker has been placed on the market owing to a large demand that this type of speaker, the Sphinx, should not be discontinued. I can safely say that the results from this particular speaker are, perhaps, better than any previously obtained.

The last word in wireless luxury is shown at Olympia this year by Kolster-Brandes, Ltd. Outwardly it is a magnificent 5-ft. figured walnut bureau, having no resemblance whatever to a wireless set, but within is a highly efficient five-valve screened grid receiver that will bring in almost any station on the speaker. The volume is enormous—amply sufficient to fill the Albert Hall—yet a touch of a dial will tone it down to a mere whisper.

In addition there are two electric-gramophone turntables, and so that the happy owner of the 250 guineas set need never stop listening to it there is a special device to blend the end of a record on one turntable into the beginning of one on the other. The cabinet also contains cupboards, one for records and one for cocktails. The price is the highest ever placed on a standard model, 250 guineas, but officials of Kolster-Brandes frankly admit that they only expect to find a few private buyers, but they hope to sell this model to clubs, restaurants, dance-halls, and shipping companies.

In the more popular classes Kolster-Brandes are offering a simple and inexpensive A.C. mains receiver designed to give the best possible results obtainable from a detector and pentode output valve.

A semi-aperiodic aerial coupling is employed, and coils of efficient design enable maximum selectivity to be obtained consistent with good signal strength from a single-circuit tuner. Only two main controls are employed, viz., a drum dial with vernier for tuning, and a reaction control. The change from long to short waves is effected by a switch of improved design.

A jack is provided for the connection of a pick-up for electrical reproduction of gramophone recordings, operated entirely from A.C. mains.

Another that is sure to receive great favour is a four-valve transportable receiver for operation off A.C. electric supplies. This is a highly efficient four-valve receiver comprising screened grid amplifying valve, detector, and two low-frequency stages with power-output valve. The receiver together with a special frame aerial, a high-grade electro-dynamic loud-speaker, and a mains power unit, which supplies H.T., L.T., and grid bias, and energizing current for the field of the speaker, are housed in an attractive bureau type cabinet. It may therefore be moved from room to room, and is ready for instant operation by simply connecting to the nearest electric-lamp holder or power socket. Tuning is effected by means of separate aerial and H.F. drum controls with vernier, both of which are illuminated when the set is in operation, thus facilitating adjustments. A reaction control is also provided, which enables utmost sensitivity to be obtained when receiving from distant stations, and is an aid to selectivity.

Proving that radio is the entertainment-of-the-people is the Brownie Stand where the Brownie Wireless Co., Ltd., of Nelson Street, Mornington Crescent, London, have sets that are within reach of all pockets. Two exceedingly interesting A.C. Mains-driven Dominion receivers, known as the Mainset Two and Mainset Three respectively, and built into handsome walnut table cabinets, are shown.

The Mainset Two conforms to the revised I.E.E. regulations, and has a detector and an indirectly-heated power valve, provision being made for the use of a pick-up. Both medium and long wave-bands are covered, and the set sells at £12 15s. inclusive of valves and royalty.

The Mainset Three includes the features mentioned above, but has a screened grid H.F. stage, and of course two tuning controls. A potentiometer (the makers say that it is secret) is provided for the adjustment of the voltage of the S.G. valve, and the price is £18 10s., again inclusive of valves.

This year Phillips are not showing at the Exhibition, but their headquarters in Charing Cross Road is a miniature exhibition all to itself, where their famous valves vie with their new electric sets for chief place in public favour. I can refer to one or two of their new sets. One is the two-valve A.C. electric receiver, which is a full-throated set, cunningly compressed into a nutshell of compact severity. This type (2515) brings in the local station or any of the high-power transmissions with a breadth of volume that only serves to magnify the purity of its reproduction. All current is taken from the A.C. electric mains, 40–100 cycles. Tuning is by one dial and volume control. A special variable selectivity plug is fitted. Special detector and pentode valves ensure ample volume. There are connections for gramophone pick-up, and the set is supplied in brown or blue crystalline finished metal cabinet. One price complete, ready for operation, is £12 10s.

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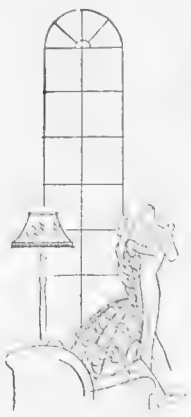

The Portable Receiver illustrated above is housed in a fine walnut cabinet. A ball-bearing turntable is fitted, provision is made for an additional loud-speaker and pick-up, and the batteries and unspillable accumulator are of extra large capacity. Complete with valves - **£19.19.0**

The fine console model Dorchester Receiver (above) has been designed to provide the finest instrument that money can buy. All-mains working and entirely self-contained, it receives many British and foreign stations. It is fitted with volume and pitch controls and is housed in a beautiful walnut cabinet. In three models—from **£45**

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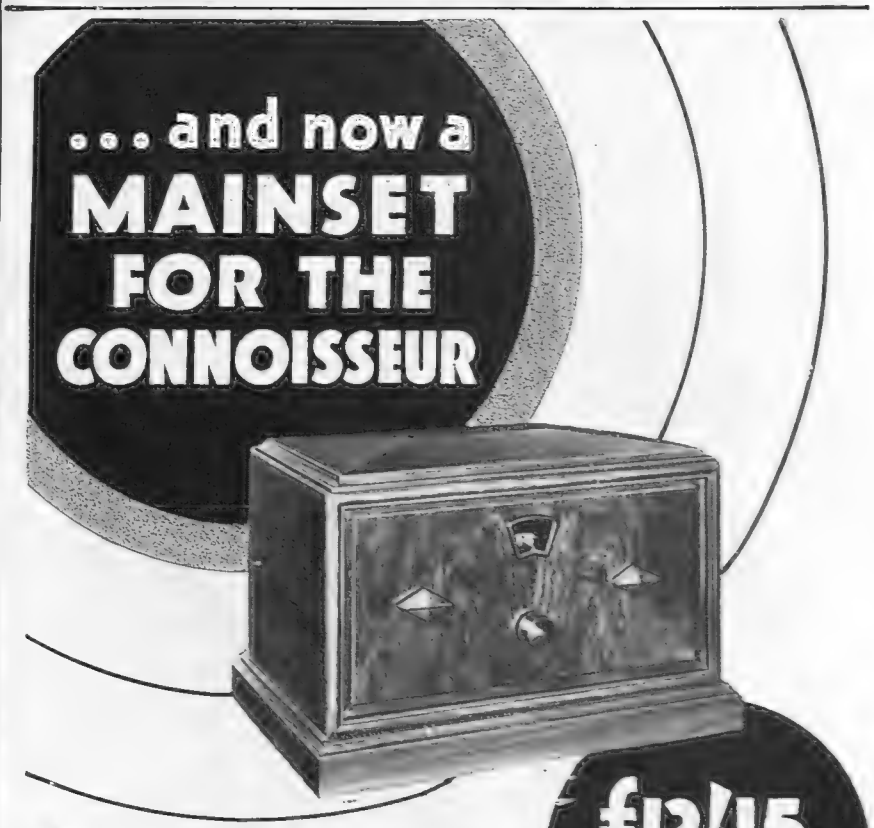

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# BROWNIE DOMINION MAINSET '2'

BROWNIE WIRELESS CO. (G.B.) LTD., Dept. S., Nelson Street Works, London, N.W.1

# The Petrol World

## by A. Percy Bradley

**A NEW "TEN."**—A completely new 10-h.p. model is announced in the Singer programme for 1931. This will be added to the three existing types, making four in all in the Singer range. The reintroduction of a 10-h.p. Singer is of more than ordinary interest. The Singer Company, in 1912, were one of the first in the small car field when they introduced what now is looked upon as their famous Ten. It was a pioneer that sailed successfully through a very choppy sea. In those days the introduction of such a small car with a four-cylinder engine was such a break-away from normal practice that the critics were dumbfounded, and failure was predicted on all sides. By dint of sheer performance this early Singer made good, and by so doing did much to establish the high reputation which has been associated with Singer cars since that date.

This new Ten has a four-cylinder engine, with side-by-side valves, three-bearing crankshaft, and pressure lubrication throughout. Ignition is by coil, and Rotax electrical equipment is fitted as standard. A single dry-plate clutch transmits the power to a four-speed gear-box. Several interesting features of the specification are mechanical universal joints, long half-elliptic springs, leather spring gaiters, friction shock-absorbers, rear petrol tank holding seven gallons, and a wheel base of 8 ft. 8 in. with a track of 4 ft. 4 in. The new model is available as a coupé or a saloon.

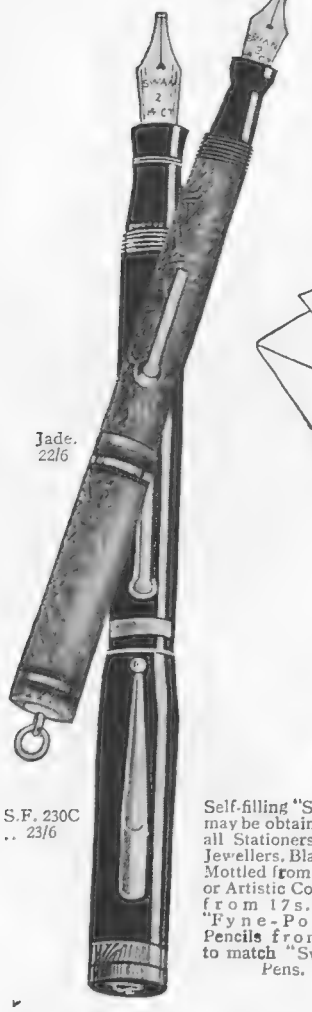
**Built for a King:** An enclosed Cabriolet body in blue and black by Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., mounted on a 40/50-h.p. Phantom II Rolls-Royce chassis. This car is owned by H.M. King Manuel of Portugal

**MORE VALUE FOR MONEY.**—So far as the existing models are concerned, numerous improvements have been incorporated. A four-speed gear-box is now fitted to every model; the Singer Junior has a six-gallon petrol tank placed at the rear of the chassis. In fact this alteration makes the Junior unique amongst small cars, a remark which also applies to its four-speed gear-box. Several changes in the Junior include a larger oil sump, a new design of radiator, which allows the bodywork to have more attractive lines, and on the closed bodies a weather-shield flush fitting sliding roof is now standardized. These alterations also appear on the two six-cylinder chassis in addition to other improvements. The Six and the Super-Six are now fitted with thermostatically controlled redesigned radiators. A stop light is included in the specification as well as a new type of bonnet fastener. As on the Junior the petrol tank is now mounted at the rear and the carburetter is fed by an Autovac. On the saloon and coupé models the special equipment which was only to be found this year on the de luxe models is now standardized. The brake drums on the Super-Six are 13 in. instead of 11 in. On the Super-Six cars too will be found Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers, and the lighting controls are mounted on the centre of the steering-wheel where they can be easily operated. On the Singer Six cars the existing manifold has been redesigned, a four-speed gear-box is fitted, the lighting controls, and the hydraulic shock-absorbers are of the same design as on the Super-Six.

**THE HILLMAN VORTIC.**—The 1931 Hillman programme includes a new and extremely attractive Straight-Eight model to be called the Vortic. The original Straight-Eight was already the cheapest British-made car of this type, but in reducing the price to £335 it now becomes the cheapest Straight-Eight of any nationality available for purchase in this country. The engine now has better acceleration and is smoother and quieter than before, whilst the adoption of an entirely new system of lubrication will undoubtedly reduce oil consumption. The Vortic has an extremely flexible high-powered eight-cylinder engine, a new four-speed gear-box with a silent third, and I would like to mention that it has been designed to appeal not merely to the home buyer but also to motorists overseas. In this connection it is interesting to note that it can be purchased with either right- or left-hand steering. The car has a speed of 70-m.p.h. on top, and will exceed 50-m.p.h. on its silent third gear. At the present moment it is only available as a saloon and as such is particularly handsome in appearance and is sumptuously equipped. The Hillman programme also includes the well-known 14-h.p. model, and here again many modifications and improvements have been incorporated.

**MASTER-PIECES ON EXHIBITION.** Rolls-Royce, Limited, are, as usual, exhibiting at the Paris Salon, which will be held from the 2nd to the 12th of October. In all, eleven models will be on view including those on the stands of coachbuilders. Needless to say Rolls-Royce, Limited, will also have a very interesting exhibit at the Olympia Exhibition, which will be held from the 16th to the 26th of October.


Thanks for the 'Swan'!



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## H.M.V. NEW CHAIRMAN

*A Pioneer of the Gramophone Industry*

The Board of Directors of the Gramophone Company, Ltd., announce the election at their meeting to-day (Wednesday) of Mr. Alfred Clark as chairman in succession to Mr. E. Trevor L. Williams, who has now retired in accordance with the announcement made by him to the shareholders at the annual meeting in November last. Mr. Williams remains a director of the company. Mr. Alfred Clark began his business career in 1889 in the then infant phonograph industry, and joined the Gramophone Company over thirty years ago. His early technical experience was gained through his association with the experimental work carried on by the late Dr. Emile Berliner, the inventor of the gramophone. As Managing Director of the Gramophone Company (His Master's Voice) for the last twenty years he is in touch with all the developments of the business. Mr. E. Trevor L. Williams, the retiring chairman, founded the Gramophone Company in 1898, and has been its chairman since then. At the last meeting of the shareholders he said:

"With sincere regret I have to announce that this is the last time I shall have the privilege of presenting to you on behalf of your directors the annual report and accounts. I have exceeded the span of life allotted to man and, although I do not greatly feel the burden of years, this business has grown so enormously and has become so complicated in technical and administrative detail that I do feel, and feel greatly, the burden of responsibility and of the anxiety which responsibility entails. I have asked my colleagues at their convenience during the coming year, to relieve me of the chairmanship, and I make the announcement now so that when the time comes there shall be no thought entertained by shareholders of dissension or want of harmony among the members of your directorate. I have presided over this business from its puling infancy to its present vigorous manhood, and I rejoice to think that I shall hand over to my successor a business of world-wide renown, of great prosperity, of enormous possibilities and, above all, of unimpeachable integrity."

THE CHAIRMAN OF H.M.V.: Mr. Alfred Clark who succeeded Mr. E. Trevor L. Williams

# ODDS and ENDS

## THE OPENING OF THE LONDON AUTUMN ART SEASON

One of the most interesting exhibitions to see the light next month will be that to open at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, on October 4. One room will be devoted to the sculpture of that distinguished modern, Alan Durst, who is holding an exhibition for the first time. The other rooms will be devoted to that great if unconservative artist, C. R. W. Nevinson. The subject matter, glorified by his brush, is lively and varied, and no lover of the many schools of art through which this painter has passed, taking what he needs from each and exploiting each to suit his immediate purpose, can afford to miss this exhibition.

## AN EDITORIAL NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

The editor desires to remind readers and contributors all over the world of a rule under which photographs submitted to, and published in, THE SPHERE remain in the possession of the paper. Photographs submitted but not published will be returned to the sender. If, therefore, a set of, say, twenty photographs are sent in for consideration and five are actually published in these pages, fifteen will be returned to the sender and the five which have appeared will remain in THE SPHERE's possession. In rare cases, and for good and sufficient reasons, the rule may be abrogated to admit of exceptions.

The Editor desires it to be known that he welcomes sending of photographs of unusual interest from any part of the world.

THE WINNER OF THE B.P. COMPETITION: Mr. Maurice White of Pool Fan, Corsley, Wilts, receives the £1,000 cheque awarded for placing the ten properties of petrol in the exact order of merit determined by the plebiscite vote. 444,644 entries were received and a cheque for £5,558 1s. (3d per coupon) has been sent by the Company to the Prince of Wales's Personal Fund in aid of the British Legion

A "REGAL" MARRIAGE: Mr. Emmanuel A. Starkey, musical director of the Regal (Marble Arch) Symphony Orchestra, and his bride, Miss Julia Leaver. The groom is well known as a Columbia record virtuoso. There was a guard of honour of musicians with instruments

## THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

With reference to the appeal made by the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship for £10,000 to complete the purchase of Esher Place, Esher, and to adapt the house for its new use as a home for 170 girls, the Society are glad to report that the 170 girls have now been installed in their new home, and here they will have pleasant surroundings, and will be taught all that is necessary to fit them to become good and useful citizens. Will readers please send a gift towards this appeal and thus help in this great work? All gifts will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.


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SCOTCH WHISKY
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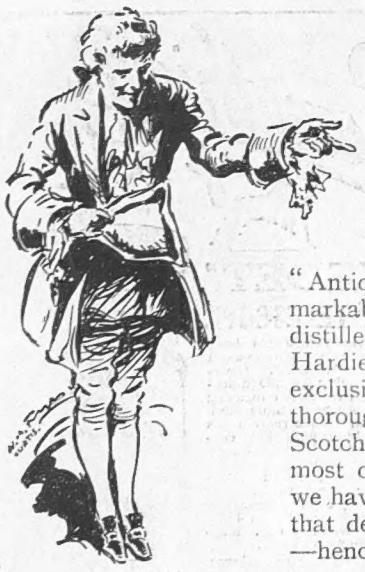

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# "Nach Paris"

How two Uhlans—dashing subaltern and faithful orderly—rode together in the race for Paris, and how one struggled on alone to the goal . . . a very gallant waiter.

By GUY GILPATRIC.

Illustrated by Joseph Nussdorf.

# "Agrippina"

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Painted by F. Matania, R.I.

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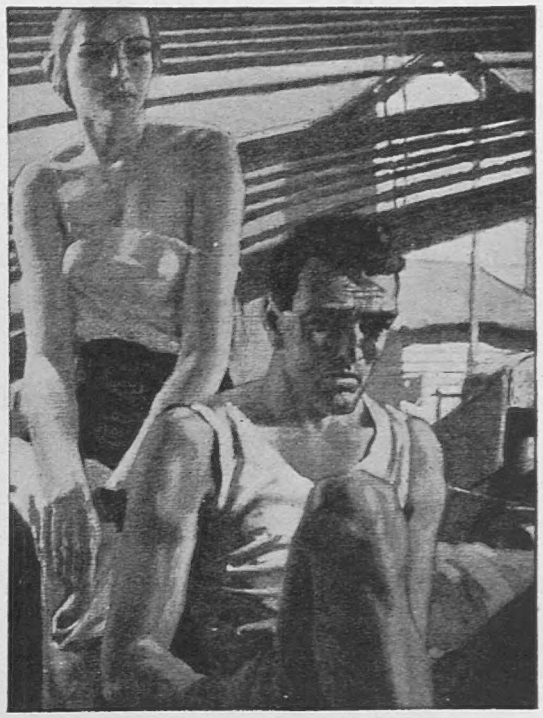
## All in the September Issue of

# "The Barbarian"

A story of the poison of the East.

By REX BEACH

Illustrated by Edward Osmond.

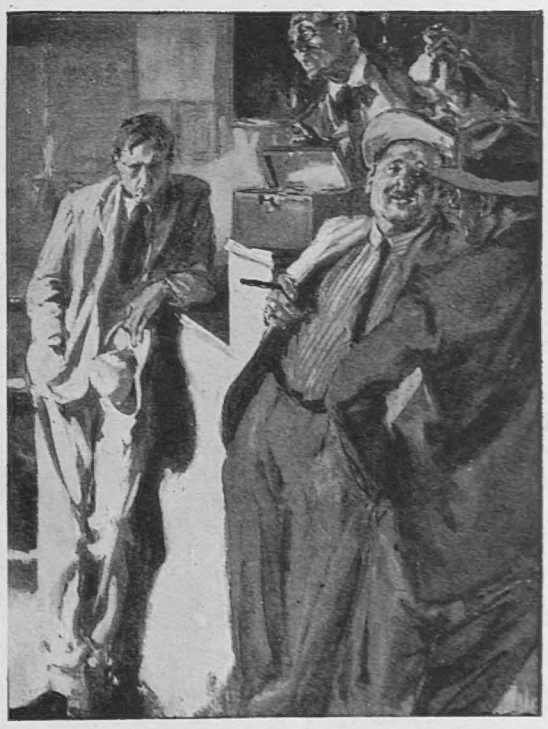


# "Dead Man's Chest"

A thrilling man's story.

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW.

Illustrated by Forster.



# BRITANNIA and EVE

*Sir Edward*
*—the Enthusiastic.*

# "Racecourse Telegrams"

*The Marquis:* "Looking everywhere for you, Teddy! You must have a good bet on my horse in this race."

*Sir Edward:* "Many thanks, Bobby. I will."

*The Marquis:* "Hurry up! Man alive—the horses are at the post! You're a hundred yards from the ring."

*Sir Edward:* "Don't excite yourself, Bob. I'm just wiring my Agent £100 each way."

*The Marquis:* "But you won't be on—in the first place, it's after the advertised time of the race; and secondly, no Agent will take £100 each way now."

*Sir Edward:* "Guess again, Bob! Haven't you heard of 'Duggie'?"

*The Marquis:* "Yes. But I suppose he's the same as the others."

*Sir Edward:* "That's where you're wrong. He allows you to wire him up to the 'off,' and as regards amounts, he makes arrangements to suit your convenience."

*The Marquis:* "That sounds all right."

*Sir Edward:* "Yes, and what's more, I usually find starting prices better than the odds you can get on the course, and you are sure to be on for a place."

*The Marquis:* "Excellent! Will 'Duggie' open an account for me?"

*Sir Edward:* "Certainly—all of my friends whom I have recommended to him are more than satisfied. Did you know he accepts business at 'Tote' odds with 'no limit'?—*that's why I'm so enthusiastic about 'Duggie'.*"

*Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.*

**Douglas Stuart**

*"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London*

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